

From The Quarterly Review.

1. *Icosium: Notice sur les Antiquités Romaines d'Alger.* Par M. Berbrugger, Membre Ct. de l'Institut. Alger, 1845.
2. *Inscriptions Romaines de l'Algérie.* Par M. Léon Renier. 2 Paris. Paris, 1855.
3. *Joannis Leonis Africani de totius Africa descriptione Libri IX.* Tiguri, 1509.
4. *Travels and Observations relating to several parts of Barbary and the Levant.* By Thomas Shaw, D.D., F.R.S., &c. Third Edition. 2 vols. Edinburgh, 1808.
5. *A Narrative of the Expedition to Algiers in the Year 1816, under the Command of the Right Hon. Admiral Lord Viscount Exmouth.* By Mr. A. Salamé, Interpreter in His Britannic Majesty's Service. London, 1819.
6. *White Slavery in Algiers.* By Charles Sumner. London, 1853.
7. *Letters from the South.* By Thomas Campbell, Esq., Author of "The Pleasures of Hope." 2 vols. London, 1837.
8. *Algier und Paris im Jahre 1830.* Von Ludwig Rellstab. Neue Auflage. 2 vols. Leipzig, 1846.
9. *The French in Algiers.* Translated from the German and French by Lady Duff Gordon. (Murray's Home and Colonial Library.) London, 1846.
10. *Etudes Africaines.* Par M. Poujoulat. 2 vols. Paris, 1847.
11. *Narrative of a Campaign against the Kabales of Algeria, with the Mission of M. Suchet to the Emir Abd-el-Kader for an Exchange of Prisoners.* By Dawson Borrer, F.R.G.S. London, 1848.
12. *Exploration Scientifique de l'Algérie pendant les Années 1840, 1841, 1842, publiée par l'Ordre du Gouvernement et avec le concours d'une Commission Académique.* Paris, Imprimerie Royale (Impériale). 16 vols. 1844-1853.
13. *Mœurs et Coutumes de l'Algérie — Tell — Kabylie — Sahara.* Par le Général Daumas. Paris, 1853.
14. *Souvenirs de la Vie-Militaire en Afrique.* Par le Comte P. de Castellane. Paris, 1854.
15. *Itinéraire Historique et Descriptif de l'Algérie.* Par J. Barbier. Paris, 1855.
16. *Adventures of Jules Gérard, the "Lion-Killer."* Translated from the French. London. 1856.

In the Mediterranean there are certain meeting-places of the East and West which

startle the traveller when he first beholds them, and leave an impression on his memory which is never effaced. By the East we do not mean precisely the geographical east, but we use the word conventionally for those regions which wear the characteristics of Mohamedanism or Greek Christianity; as by the West we denote those civilized countries of modern Europe where the costume, the architecture, and all the outward expressions of human life, though differing among themselves, are yet uniform when contrasted with the countries of the Koran or with Oriental Christendom. Thus, while that which we call the West must be extended to the very eastern shore of the Baltic, and along the Danube to Belgrade, our East reaches continuously through the whole of Northern Africa to the Straits of Gibraltar.

Of these meeting-places few are more remarkable than Gibraltar itself. The measured tread of its red-coated sentinels, its shops for beer and porter, the "coaling" of the English steam-vessels, the gathering of young officers for the "Calpe Hunt," make up one side of the picture; its African fruits and wares, the crouching slipshod Jew from Mogador, the turbaned Moor on the esplanade, where cannon-balls are piled among tufts of green palmetto, form the other side; while the Andalusian smuggler, and the muleteer with *sombrero* and *cigarito*, are intermediate links, which might be connected almost indifferently with the East or the West. Malta is another place where oriental characteristics are brought into startling juxtaposition with their opposites; Greek sailors, with red caps and blue petticoat-trowsers, are about the landing-places; the language spoken at the *Nix Mangiare* stairs is a corrupt Arabic; the roofs of the houses are flat; but the streets are thronged with a varied European population, our own countrymen being predominant. A third is Venice, as any one that never left home can perceive, who is told of the music of an Austrian military band filling that square of which the Byzantine arches and bright mosaics of St. Mark's are the distinguishing features, or who imagines the far less har-

monious combination of a bustling railway-station and an island-convent of Armenian monks. We might add a few more places to our list, such as Athens and Corfu, and of course Constantinople. But of all scenes where the East and West are brought face to face, none is so startling as Algiers. It would be saying far too little to describe Algiers as a French Malta or a French Gibraltar, and this not merely because it is larger and more populous than the city of "the Rock," or because its beautiful green suburbs are entirely wanting to Valetta: no contrast at either of those places is so great as that between the most lively of the European nations and the unbending, savage Mohammedanism which is still predominant through more than half of Northern Africa: and if to the Moor and the Frenchman, whose contrasted figures give the characteristic expression to the picture, we add all the other varieties of man who may be seen every day in the streets and vicinity of Algiers — Kabyles, Arabs, here and there perhaps a Turk, with Jews, negroes, boatmen from Malta, laborers from Minorca, adventurers from Italy and Germany — we have a scene before us the curious composition of which has hardly received the attention it deserves.

If anything else were required to excite our interest in Algiers, we find it in the picturesque connection which associates this colony with the most remarkable events of recent history, and with the stirring incidents of the lately concluded war. The dress of the Zouaves indicates the scenes in the midst of which they were originally organized. Long before the battle of the Alma, narratives were published describing the extraordinary activity and endurance of these fearless and serviceable troops. In the accounts of Marshal Bugeaud's Campaign in Kabylia, we may read of the gay *vivandière*, "seated on her horse, with her laughing face overshadowed by a little hat adorned with feathers, and jesting light-heartedly with those around her," while a storm of bullets is causing the twigs of the olive-trees to fly in every direction.\* All the French generals, who were conspicuous in Paris in 1848, or during the *coup d'état*, received their training in Algerian campaigns: Bédau, who was wounded in the terrible conflict of June, two days before the death of

the Archbishop of Paris; Cavagnac, who gave six months' comparative quiet to Europe; Oudinot, who besieged Mazzini and Garibaldi and took Rome with no little difficulty; Lamoricière and Changarnier, who were called early from their beds on the 2nd of December, 1851, and compelled to share the exile of their African companions in war. And the same may be said of others, whose names are now household words in every English village; Baraguay d'Hilliers, Saint-Arnaud, Canrobert, Bosquet, and Péliissier.

Let us take a glance at the outward appearance of Algiers and Algeria, before we proceed to give a rapid sketch of the earlier and later history of this part of the African coast, and speculate on the probable destinies of this French settlement on a Mohammedan shore. When the poet Campbell, the first of our countrymen who described the place after the French occupation, was roused from his morning sleep in Algiers, the sound which disturbed him was the muezzin's monotonous cry from a neighboring minaret; when we were there in 1848, the sound which made sleep in the morning impossible was the irritating rattle of the regimental drums. And the Mussulman is still retreating before the Frenchman. Algiers is becoming more and more like a town in Provence or Languedoc.

When approached from the north, or when seen from the deck of an Alexandrian steamer, Algiers the Warlike, "the Pirate's Daughter," appears like a triangular town of chalk on the slope of a green range of hills, with the high and distant ridges of Atlas rising darkly behind. On a nearer view the flat roofs, with a few low minarets, a few cupolas, and here and there a palm-tree, would give the impression of a thorough Mohammedan city, were it not that the activity of Europe is clearly revealed in the various shipping in the port, the steamers, the elaborately constructed mole, the light-house, the large French barracks, and at least one tall narrow structure which is not a minaret, and reminds us of Manchester rather than of Morocco. Immediately on landing, all the elements of the contrast to which we have alluded strike in rapid succession on the eye, and multiply as we pass through the streets. The general plan and distribution of the city is easily described.

\* Mr. Borrer's *Campaign in Kabylia*.

The main thoroughfares must in all ages have followed the narrow space of level ground which lies between the hill and the harbor; and that which was formerly the Roman forum, then the Arabian and subsequently the Turkish bazaar, is probably coincident with the fine square, which was the *Place Royale*, and (after being for a short time *Place Nationale*) is now *Place Impériale*. The level region of the city is almost as French in its architecture as the Boulevard des Italiens; while the other or ascending region is as Moorish as Fez or Morocco. Yet, even without leaving the modernized part of Algiers, we encounter the most curious varieties of population. On our road from the mole, we have fought our way through a motley crowd of French soldiers, miscellaneous tradesmen, negro women, and half-naked Arabs. We have received our English letters at a window, whose slender marble shafts recall a state of society which is utterly at variance with all associations of the Post-office; we have looked at the unfinished Cathedral, which is so ugly that it deserves nothing more than a look; we have entered another church, which was formerly a mosque, and there a priest was saying mass with a congregation of Maltese, and the *suisse*, walking about with his hat on, made us feel that we were in the atmosphere of the Romanism of Paris. Other mosques remain what they were under the Turks, except that they may now be visited by Christians with impunity. As the traveller enters, he hears in French from the Mohamedan worshippers the laconic admonition "*sans souliers*," and, on taking off his boots, he may sit down, if he pleases, cross-legged on the mats, and read his translation of the Koran without fear of interruption, while the monotonous perspective of pillars and arches in all directions invites him to dream over the great days of the Arabian power, when it extended unbroken from Mecca to Cordova. From the mosque we go to present our introduction to the governor, and we find Cavaignac engaged with military and political business in a palace of the Deys, which retains unaltered its cool staircases and porcelain pavement, its large open court in the centre, and its horseshoe arches supported on wreathed marble columns. As we saunter up the street, a young Mohamedan *gamin* runs up to us, all eagerness

to clean our boots. We look into a shop, and there a dark-eyed girl with long ringlets is selling gloves to a young officer of dragoons. We turn into a bazaar, and watch a Moor and a Jew playing chess. The relative positions of these two elements of population are now strangely altered; the Jew has fairly checkmated the Moor in Algiers. If we inquire about education, we are directed to a college which was formerly a barracks of Janissaries. We pass another large building, which is a noble hospital, and there we see Sisters of Charity calmly moving on their errands of mercy. At the next turn our eye is arrested by an omnibus full of closely-veiled Mohamedan females, on the point of starting for the Moustapha suburb. What a crowd of thoughts are immediately suggested by such an antithesis between woman raised to the highest place by becoming a servant unto all, and woman in her lowest state of slavery and degradation! But how varied, when evening comes on, are the groups which fill the great square round Marochetti's statue of the Duke of Orleans! Jewish dandies, with blue turbans and gay embroidered coats, and rings covering half the fingers of both hands; Jewesses, whose headdress, however tempting to the pencil, is too singular to be described by the pen; the red sashes and dark contented faces of Minorcan laborers, coming in after their day's work from the gardens round the city; here a negro and a Kabyle, carrying a barrel on a pole between them; there, the clean white apron and the handkerchief round the head, which none but a French woman knows how to wear; *Zouaves*, with wide red pantaloons and blue jackets; *Indigènes*, distinguished from the former only by wearing black instead of yellow gaiters; *Spahis*, with red jackets, and boots over blue pantaloons; *Chasseurs d'Afrique*, *Chasseurs de Vincennes*,\* and representatives of other parts of the army which keeps Algeria in subjection to France: this is only an imperfect analysis of the lively masquerade which surrounds us. We might add some circumstances peculiar to the year 1848 — such as the magic words, "*Propriété Nationale, Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité*," inscribed in large letters even on the mosques — and squads of

\* The *Chasseurs d'Afrique* are cavalry. The *Chasseurs de Vincennes*, an infantry force, bore the name of *Chasseurs d'Orleans* after the death of the Duke of Orleans till 1846.

National Guards, in singular varieties of dress, some with shoes, some with yellow slippers, drawn up on parade near the trees of liberty. But these scenes were temporary.

While the lower part of the town is full of busy life as any European city, the upper part of it, as we have already stated, reposes in the calm and impassive state of its former Oriental existence. This broad contrast of light and shade must be recognized in the picture, besides the chequered alternations in that half of it, which we have hitherto been considering. If we examine the other half, if we climb up the hill and enter the old town, we come upon a scene as Moorish as Tetuan, and far more picturesque. The streets are all narrow and steep, more like staircases than roads, winding this way and that without any purpose or plan. The houses are very high, their upper and projecting parts being supported by beams slanting outwards. All is delightfully cool. The few turbaned men whom you meet seem engaged rather in contemplation than in work. The few women are like living bales of flannel, with only one eye visible. Here you may wander long and lose yourself in a silent labyrinth, till at last you emerge unexpectedly on the Casbah at the summit. This is the site of the principal palace of the Turkish Deys; and here is preserved (like the windmill at Potsdam, or like the house of Peter the Great at Saardam) the kiosk where that insult was offered to the French Consul, which has led to the subjugation of the whole Turkish territory between Morocco and Tunis.

If now we wish to obtain a general view of the tract of country which acknowledges French Algiers as its capital, let us ascend the steep winding road constructed by the Duc de Rovigo, till we stand on one of the higher ridges of the range of hills on which the city is partly built, and which extend several miles along the seaboard in each direction. This range is called the Sahel; and it is the first feature of the physical geography of the neighborhood which demands our attention. However bare and hot the aspect of the city may be when we approach it from the water, we should be much mistaken if we were to imagine that its immediate vicinity is of that torrid and tawny character which we are apt to

suppose characteristic of Africa. The Sahel, or *Massif d'Alger*, exhibits as pleasant and luxuriant a vegetation as the district round any European capital. Not only are country-houses and gardens numerous in every direction, but the ground is charmingly diversified with all the elements of picturesque beauty. There is strict truth in what Campbell says in his "Letters from the South," of the wild flowers and seacoast views, and "streams worthy of a Scottish glen." Here, too, the same combinations which we have observed in the streets of the city, are reproduced, and attended with no painful feelings. The vegetation of the East and West—or rather, if we are to write correctly, the vegetation of the North and South—meet together. The banana and the English hawthorn are seen side by side, the olive grows with the elm, and you may gather honeysuckle in a thicket of fig-trees, brambles, and aloes.

The depth of the Sahel range towards the interior reaches only a few miles, and then succeeds the extensive plain of the Metidja, about ninety miles in length, and fifteen miles in breadth, which, sweeping round along the base of the Lesser Atlas, and opening on the sea at each extremity, is the second great feature of the neighborhood of Algiers. Its first aspect, as seen from the Sahel, is very impressive. Like the Roman Campagna, it stretches in an unbroken level, while the mountain-wall, rising high and abrupt on the farther side, may fitly be compared to the line of the Sabine hills. Now, unhappily the Metidja resembles the Campagna in desolation as well as in impressiveness. But it was not always so. Shaw says that in his time (about a hundred and thirty years ago) it was "a rich and delightful plain, watered in every part by a number of springs and rivulets;" that it was full of the country-seats and farms of the principal inhabitants of Algiers; that it supplied the city with provisions, and produced "flax and *al henna*, roots and pot-herbs, rice, fruit, and grain of all kinds." And this was after the bad government of the Turks had cast a blight on what had flourished under the Arabs, and begun the decay which the French war turned into utter desolation. General Daumas acknowledges that it is now a pestilential desert; that men go there, not to live, but



to die; and that a generation must be sacrificed before it can become what it was. It is, indeed, true that as we quit the Sahel we leave all efficient and prosperous vegetation behind. On reaching the level ground we travel at first through the same kind of low shrubby vegetation which is seen near Civita Vecchia, except that the palmetto grows among the broom and dwarf ilex, and flowering rush. But all the central portion of the plain is a reach of uncultivated desolation, with here and there a Moorish village, and here and there a fortified camp. The only other signs of human life, in their European and Mohamedan aspects, are such as these: long rows of laborers engaged in making the hopeless government drains; a long string of mules endeavoring to drag a load of corn imported for the use of the army; a solitary marabout, with a few green shrubs; and Bedouins with flocks of sheep and tents of black camels' hair. Across the breadth of this waste you have probably travelled the five leagues by an indifferent road, in a diligence so clumsy that you can hardly help believing that the old vehicles of the *Messageries Impériales* in France have been sent over in their decrepitude to serve for the *Messageries Africaines*.

And now we are at the base of Mount Atlas, about thirty miles south of Algiers. The town of Blidah, which is immediately under the mountain-range, used formerly to be famous for its charming orange-groves; and Abd-el-Kader remembers its appearance when its beauty was a proverb, like that of Broussa, his own later residence, or of Damascus, his present home. But the traveller will be disappointed now if he expects to find, at Blidah, an African Damascus or Broussa, with Atlas for Lebanon or the Mysian Olympus. It is true that some scanty orange-groves on the farther edge of the Metidja are still fragrant; but Blidah is sadly changed, partly by an earthquake, but still more in consequence of the dreadful fighting which took place here in 1830, and the following years, when the French were making their way, with smoke and bloodshed, through the first passes of Mount Atlas. Through these passes we must now penetrate, that we may reach a higher point, from whence to take a general survey of the whole country included under the name of French Algeria.

It must be remembered that the true Atlas of the poets, "with his head in the clouds, and his feet in the sand," is not in French Algeria at all, but far to the west, within the dominions of the Sultan of Morocco. But connected with those celebrated heights, a vast mountain-system extends continuously, in a direction on the whole parallel to the Mediterranean, eastwards through Algeria to the regency of Tunis. The range of what is called the Lesser Atlas, running W.S.W. towards the ocean, divides the whole country between the Greater Atlas and the Mediterranean into two long halves. The southernmost of these halves is the *Sahara*, a region of rugged defiles and broad upland pastures; the other is the *Tell*, or cultivated district near the coast, intersected more or less by spurs projecting irregularly from the mountains. The fortified camp of Boghar is a convenient point of geographical reference, not only for the Tell and the Sahara, but for the whole country, eastwards and westwards, which is now reduced to the condition of a French province. Two marked physical features may be the guides of our survey in these opposite directions. Towards the east we follow a mountain region called Kabylia, which extends continuously from the point where we stand to the sea and along its shore, and which has been the scene of the greatest difficulties yet encountered by the French. Towards the west we follow the river Schelif, a stream famous in Arabic legends, which rises under the heights where the fort of Boghar stands, and flows through many windings towards Tlemcen, the early home of Abd-el-Kader.

When we make use of the term Kabylia, it must not be supposed that this is the only district of Algeria which is inhabited by those who are called Kabyles as opposed to the Arabs. But this is the region in which these fierce and sturdy mountaineers have maintained the most determined resistance to successive occupants of Northern Africa. The Turks never subdued them. The French have not been perfectly successful.\* From this circumstance and also be-

\* In 1848 the inhabitants of Great Kabylia paid a tribute, and were responsible for the safe conduct of travellers, but otherwise they were independent. On the excellent map in the *Itinéraire de l'Algérie* (1855), the words "Kabylie Indépendante" are marked across the Jurjura Mountains, and the words "Sahel Insoumis" follow in the direction of Boua.

cause of the formidable physical peculiarities of the country it is emphatically called *Great Kabylia*. It is difficult to determine the exact boundaries of Great Kabylia. But we should not be much in error if we were to give 150 miles for the length of its whole coast line, reckoning eastwards from Algiers. The same distance of 150 miles again repeated would bring us to the extreme limit of Algeria in that direction. In the interior of this eastern part of the French possessions, is the city of Cirta or Constantina, remarkable alike for its extraordinary position and for its connection with the most exciting incidents of African history. Here Jugurtha besieged and murdered his cousin Adherbal. Here Marius quartered his victorious legions. Here the puppet-king Juba I. held his court. Julius Caesar erected great works here and called the place Julia. Constantine rebuilt the city and left the name which has been permanent, and which is associated with Christian martyrdoms and Christian schisms, and within the last few years with some of the most courageous efforts of the modern French army against the Arabs and Moors. Situated on a pedestal of rock above a terrific ravine in the midst of a wild and tawny landscape, and isolated on three sides by precipices which are said to rise in some places a hundred fathoms above the bed where the river Rummel flows deep in green foliage, Constantina seems a fit scene for the strange events which have made it memorable again and again since the days of the republic and empire of Rome. Nor are the monuments of its earlier fortunes wanting in our own days. When the French took the place in 1837, they found grand Roman arches rising above the poisonous dwellings and even the mosques of the Mohamedans (to use the comparison of a soldier who was present) like oaks above brushwood. In fact, Roman remains form a characteristic feature of all this part of Algeria. Cirta was itself the centre of the great roads of Numidia. Lambesa was long the head-quarters of the second legion; and here it is that the greater part of the four thousand Latin inscriptions have been found, which have been diligently collected in Algeria by M. Léon Renier and Commandant de la Mare, and which are now in course of publication in Paris.

Reverting now to our station at Boghar,

turning our faces westward towards Morocco, and following the line of the Scheliff, we find that the mouth of this river is about 150 miles distant from Algiers. Measuring again 150 miles, we reach the other frontier of Algeria, nearly in the meridian of Cape de Gat, or that point where the sudden turn in the Spanish coast takes place from an easterly to a northerly direction. The volume of the Scheliff seems to vary according to the seasons between violent extremes. When the Oxford Professor Shaw crossed it in autumn, he found it "nearly of the bigness of the Isis united with the Charwell." Saint-Arnaud writes with impatience of the floods which checked his military movements in December; and in another letter he says that, while for six months of the year the Scheliff is nearly without water, it flows at other times "like the Rhone or the Loire." Its banks are steep, and the winding bed of the stream is invisible in the dry season until the brink is reached. Sidi-el-Arhibi, Agha of Mostaganem, so runs the legend, was a chief illustrious for his wealth, courage, and piety. His daughter once went to draw water from the only well in this region, when she was received by the Arabs with jeers and insults, and driven away with her pitcher empty. Sidi-el-Arhibi was enraged and thought at first of revenge, but he controlled his passion and meditated in silence, and then, turning towards Mecca and calling on the Prophet, he cursed the well, which immediately became dry. Yet unwilling that the curse should be without remedy, and knowing that he had power to do good as well as harm, the holy man sprang on his favorite mare and galloped furiously towards the sea. A river rose behind as he galloped. The day was hot, and the mare, tormented by the flies, whisked her tail to and fro. Hence come the windings of the Scheliff. Its steep banks, which add to the toil of fetching water, are a punishment to the descendants of the inhospitable men who insulted the daughter of Sidi-el-Arhibi.\* This Arabian myth, which we have used to serve a geographical purpose, is not without its use, as giving us some notion of the characteristic course of the river. Within the Scheliff (*i. e.* nearer to Algiers) the two points of greatest interest on the coast are

\* *Algeria and Tunis in 1845.* By Captain Kennedy and Lord Fielding. Pp. 116-118.

Tenez and Cherchell — the former nearly on the site of Cartenna, which was a Roman colony built by Augustus for the second legion, — the latter built by king Juba in honor of the same emperor, as Cæsarea was built by king Herod in Palestine, and still retaining in its name, like Saragossa, a faint trace of the patronage under which it rose.\* If we cross to the western side of the bed of the Schellif, the historical interest changes at once from what is ancient to what is modern. Our thoughts travel no longer to Jugurtha and the Roman empire, to Constantine and St. Augustine — but rather to the time of the Reformation and the recent history of Italy and Spain. The ecclesiastic whose name is most closely associated with this part of the coast is Cardinal Ximenes, who forsook for a time his dear university of Alcalá and the preparation of his Polyglott that he might give life and success to the siege of Oran. It was the settlement here of the refugees from Granada that was the chief incitement to the crusade of 1503. The form of Ximenes was said to hover afterwards in all times of danger above the battlements of the city which he had won in Africa from the Infidel. The Spaniards held the place continuously for a long period, though with a gradually loosening grasp. They were still in possession of it in Shaw's time: and it was not finally given up till 1790, in which year an earthquake made it untenable. Thus when the French came they found here, not Roman baths and mosaics, but modern Latin churches, and fortifications erected under Charles V. Now it contains 10,000 European inhabitants; it is the second city in Algeria, and is the capital of the western province, as Constantina is of the eastern.

From this survey, it appears that the length of French Algeria along the Mediterranean is about 600 miles. Its breadth, towards Central Africa, is so irregular that it would be foolish to attempt to define it; and there is little doubt that the Arabs and their invaders would take very different views of the subject. Perhaps we should not be far wrong in saying that it varies from 50 to 250 miles. In both respects the French possessions are nearly coincident with those of Imperial Rome. The early

\* Cherchell is a corruption of Cæsarea Iol, Saragossa of Cæsarea Augusta.

history of Algeria, both classical and ecclesiastical, is indeed peculiarly Roman; for the commercial empire of the Tyrians and Carthaginians was evanescent, and has left no memorial. The Latin synonym for Algiers, until lately, was quite uncertain. Dapper, and Forbiger after him, made it coincident with Iol. Mannert fixed upon Iomnium, a town farther to the east. The materials for the solution of the problem have always been in the hands of European scholars, but an inveterate error caused them for many years to throw all the ancient places on this part of the African coast too far to the west. The French invasion, which has drawn a closer attention to this subject, has been the means of recovering what had long been lost to antiquarian science. One by one the true sites of Roman cities have been ascertained, partly by a more exact comparison of distances, but still more by the permanence of names in close connection with existing ruins, and Algiers has now been identified with the ancient *Icosium*. The last appearances of the word *Icosium* in historical annals are in relation with the fall of the Western Empire and the Vandal war; and this brings us to the noblest name that has ever been associated with the Algerian coast. It would, indeed, be no exaggeration if we were to say that the name of Augustine is the noblest of all the names in the Christian Church since the death of St. John. Not far from the farther limit of Algeria is the large modern city of Bona; and two miles to the south are the moss-clad ruins of Hippo. Here it was that during an episcopate of four-and-thirty years the Great Doctor not only lived a life of extraordinary piety, charity, and humility, not only maintained with every form of heresy a conflict so unbending that he was recognized and felt throughout the Church of the fifth century as the foremost man of his time, but composed year by year those sermons, treatises, and commentaries, which have exercised an unparalleled influence on all subsequent ages. On such a site as this the Protestant traveller may well share the enthusiasm of the Roman Catholic Poujoulat, and join him, not indeed in worshipping the relic of the saint's right arm, which has been sent from Pavia to consecrate the recovery of Hippo to Christendom, but in imagining the basilica where

the son of Monica may have preached; in pressing the pavement of the Roman road, and the arches of the Roman bridge, over which his footsteps must have passed; in touching the crumbling city-walls, within which he wrote the "*Confessions*" in the early days of his episcopate, and stored up for us the wisdom of his old age in the "*City of God*;" in gazing over the sea from which he saw the sun rise, and the hills behind which he watched it set, during the long Vandal siege: in standing on the quay, still unbroken along the river's brink, and looking down into the water, still deep enough for small merchant-ships, whence those precious manuscripts were conveyed that have for centuries instructed Christians, and contributed more than any other writings towards the solution of the most anxious problems of modern thought.

Augustine prayed during the Vandal siege for one of three things,—either that God would free His servants from the enemy, or endue them with patience, or take him from the world unto Himself. The last of these three petitions was granted. Augustine, who felt so deeply the crash of the falling Western Empire, was spared the sight of that desolation of his city and his flock, which would have affected him most closely. The Vandal war was a dreadful episode in the history of Northern Africa; and the Vandal reign was a gloomy inauguration of the cruelty, piracy, and slavery which afterwards were the inheritance of these shores for so many ages. The corsairs of Genseric and his followers sacked Rome and desolated Naples, destroyed the western imperial fleet at Carthage, and the eastern at Bona; and thousands of captives pined in misery, which was alleviated only by that charity and courage of the Bishop of Carthage and other prelates, which anticipated the Christian exertions of later times in behalf of similar wrongs. At length Belisarius came, and was victorious; but the link which bound Africa to Rome was broken forever; nor was the link with which it was hastily joined to Constantinople destined to endure. It is true that the Byzantine sway was substituted for the Vandal; but by thus becoming dependencies of a distant centre of government, preparation was really made in Numidia and Mauritania for the Mohamedan conquest.

The great chasm between the ancient and modern history of Northern Africa was rent, not by the torrent of Vandal invaders from the Straits of Gibraltar, but by another torrent which flowed in the opposite direction. The process of disintegration had, indeed, begun before the entry of the Mohamedans. The Byzantine soldiers revolted. The Vandals had been almost exterminated. The native population reappeared; and the country which used to be rich with Roman harvests, and strong with military colonies and roads, was overrun by hordes from Mount Atlas. Then it was that the Arab conquerors poured in from Egypt, and in the course of the latter half of the seventh century impressed their religion on the whole southern coast of the Mediterranean sea. The churches were converted into mosques; the Arabic language spread with the Koran. The East gained rapidly and unceasingly on the West. To this period it seems that we must assign the introduction of the familiar use of the camel in North-western Africa. This one circumstance is enough to indicate the progress of the Oriental element, and the entire decay of the civilization of the Western Empire. The very phraseology by which the inhabitants of these regions were designated, underwent a total change at this time. Those who used to be called *Numidians* (a Greek name, as it would appear, originally given to designate the characteristics of a *nomas*) were now called *Berbers* (and this term is probably to be traced to the same source being a contemptuous epithet bestowed by the degenerate Greeks of Constantinople), whence *Barbary* has continued even in our own day to be the expressive appellation of Northern and North-western Africa. The word *Moors* (*Mauri*) still retained its place, though it was destined to undergo some modifications of meaning. To give any comprehensive view of the ethnological and political changes of that time—to classify the tribes which fought against the *Arabs*, or were united with them in the Tell and the Sahara—to arrange in order the fragments of shattered caliphates,—would be a difficult, and perhaps an impossible task.

The true history of that Algiers which was familiar to the last generation does not begin till after 1500. Our attention is now called to two Moslem races, the *Moors* and



the Turks, who have a far closer connection than the Arabs with our usual notion of Algiers. By the *Moors*, in the modern sense of the word, we are to understand the descendants of those Spanish Arabians, who in a long and glorious residence on the northern side of the Straits had acquired a distinct nationality.\* By their expulsion a strong reinforcement was given to the African Mohamedans both in numbers and in zeal against Christianity. The last years of Ferdinand and Isabella raised up, within the distance of a short sail of their own coasts, a vindictive and implacable enemy of their faith. We have already spoken of the taking of Oran by Ximenes, and of the occupation and retention of certain points in Africa by the Spaniards. The reign of Charles V. presents us with a continuance of the same history under a new phase. The *Turks* were connected by no ethnological affinities with the African or Spanish Arabs, though united to them by the bond of a common religion, and destined, through greater energy and cruelty, to become their rulers. The steps by which a handful of Turks became masters of the Barbary States form one of the most curious passages in the early troubles of the sixteenth century. It was in the very year when Charles succeeded Ferdinand on the throne of Aragon and Castile that two brothers, Baba-Haroudj and Khair-el-din, the sons of a potter in the island of Lesbos, reaped the reward of their audacious and successful piracy by receiving an invitation from the king of Algiers to aid them against the Christians. The elder brother, named Barbarossa, from the redness of his beard, promptly made himself master of the place which he came to assist, and proclaimed himself king. His destructive expeditions against the European coasts induced Charles to send reinforcements to Oran; and in a conflict near Tlemcen, the famous buccaneer was killed by a Spanish sergeant. His brother (often called Barbarossa II.) was either more fortunate or more politic. He wisely placed the Algerine territory under the protection of the Grand Seigneur, from whom he received a garrison

of Turkish soldiers. He himself was made Capitan-Pasha, and, while he exercised all the influence of a successful courtier at Constantinople, as a corsair he swept the Mediterranean with his fleets. Tunis was the point where his power was brought into conflict with that of Charles V. This city had been seized by shameful treachery for the Sultan. With its fortifications strengthened it became a new point of departure for incessant outrages against the Emperor's subjects. At last the evil became intolerable. Charles gathered together a fleet from the Low Countries, and placed on board Germans and Spaniards, and the Italian veterans who had fought against the French. Doria was made High-Admiral, and the expedition was animated with burning zeal for the chastisement of an infidel and barbarous foe. The resistance was desperate; but a timely insurrection of the Christian captives co-operated with the energy of the assailants, and Tunis was surrendered. The Turks being driven out, the rightful Moorish monarch was reinstated under the condition of being a vassal of Spain, while 20,000 liberated slaves proclaimed the fame of their deliverer through all the countries of Christendom. This was in 1535. In 1541 Charles V. undertook another enterprise, with the same ends in view, but with very different results. Barbarossa II., deprived of Tunis, continued to be Capitan-Pasha, and one of his followers, established in Algiers, prosecuted the old course of cruelties and depredations. The Emperor, against the advice of Doria and the Pope, resolved to inflict on this city the same punishment which had fallen on Tunis. Never was an armada more thoroughly defeated and destroyed, except the armada from which our own coasts were rescued a few years later. And both armadas were ruined by the same causes. It is one of the strange coincidences of history, that a violent storm of wind and waves protected the rising liberties of England, and encouraged the growing crime of Barbary. The shattered remnants of the fleet, which had been equipped for the destruction of Algiers, were brought together with difficulty at Cape Matifoux, and sailed back to Spain in disgrace. Nothing in the career of Charles V. had been more distinguished than the expedition against Tunis; nothing was

\* This is a narrow definition, but it is difficult to give any other. The word "Moor" is very commonly used to denote any Mohamedan of Northern Africa. Probably the "Mauri" were originally so called, simply because they were the most swarthy of the Numidians.

more disastrous than the expedition against Algiers.

Thus it came to pass that the fall of Tunis was the means of strengthening Algiers and helped to constitute it the metropolis of piracy. The city now assumed the form which it retained through three centuries of misery. The materials of the old Roman Icosium had indeed been used by the Arabs of the Middle Ages in the construction of their dwellings on the same site. But the Turks proceeded with more vigor in constructing fortifications and improving the port. Some small rocky islands (*el Djezaïr*) in the bay of Icosium, had given the Arabic name to the place. A large mole was formed by uniting these islands with the mainland; from the forts along the front of the two harbors thus created, the walls were carried over the first slope of the Sahel, till they converged to the point where the Casbah crowns the whole, the houses within rising so gradually up the hill, that the roof of each commanded a full prospect of the sea; and the city became in appearance what Lord Exmouth saw it when he anchored before it in 1816. During the whole period of the Turkish rule it was emphatically the city of Algiers which held the country, nominally for the Sultan, but really for the Deys and their crews of pirates. On the edge of this port and within these walls a very small number of the ruling race overawed the Arabs of the Metidja plain — kept in check the Kabyles of the mountains — used as instruments of their Government the Moors of the cities — plundered and oppressed the Jews — and systematically insulted the few Christian residents who were free. It does not appear that the Levantine Turkish soldiers, who constituted the efficient garrison of Algiers, were much more than 5000 in number. The inhabitants of the city were estimated by Shaw at 100,000 Mohamedans and 15,000 Jews, with 2000 Christian slaves. The country (excluding the territory immediately round the city) was divided into three provinces, which have afforded the basis for the existing French subdivision. The Beys of the provinces of Tlemcen on the west,\* Tittery on the south, and Constantine on the East, were appointed by the Deys, for whom their duty was to collect the taxes, and by whom they were

assisted, in case of insurrection, with forces from Algiers. The relative importance of the three provinces may be gathered from the estimate that Tlemcen produced 45,000 pollars, Tittery 12,000, and Constantine 90,000. We are destitute of materials for a complete chronology of the Deys; nor, indeed, is history in need of so despicable a catalogue. The succession was very rapid; for the government was not hereditary as in Tunis and Tripoli. Each Dey was elected by the Janissaries; thus hardly one in ten died in his bed. Every bold and aspiring soldier might regard himself as heir-apparent to the throne, "with this farther advantage that he lay under no necessity to wait till sickness or old age might have removed the present ruler." Corruption and insolence and unscrupulous robbery were the gentler characteristics of this ferocious and contemptible government. "Give a Turk money with one hand, and he will let you pull his beard with the other," was a common proverb. The true spirit of the Algerine court is well illustrated by what Mahemet Pasha, who was Dey in 1720, said to a French Consul: "My mother sold sheep's feet, and my father sold neats' tongues; but they would have been ashamed to expose for sale so worthless a tongue as thine." Another Dey frankly said to an English Consul, when he complained of injuries inflicted on British cruisers, "The Algerines are a company of rogues, and I am their captain."

Such anecdotes as these illustrate the vast amount of injury and suffering which this power was permitted to inflict for three centuries. The sufferers were mostly Christians. Many were the true martyrs called to follow the example of Raymond Lulli, who in the thirteenth century laid down his life on these coasts for his religion. *Christian slavery* is the one black stain which was never removed from Algiers between the beginning of the sixteenth century and the earlier part of our own, and which must forever make the memory of its Turkish period hateful. It is hardly possible now to believe that these marauders used once to carry off British subjects into captivity from the cliffs of Kent and from the Western coasts of Ireland, and that even when the Channel was made secure, English prisoners for the Mohamedan markets were taken through France to Mar-

\* Corresponding to the French province of Oran.

seilles. But throughout the seventeenth century the evil was so pressing that it seems interwoven with all the history of the time. It was the subject of sermons preached and published on behalf of captives. It was a topic of much interest in the correspondence of Laud and Strafford. We might quote Waller, both as poet in "The Taking of Sallee," and as politician in his place in Parliament. We find even George Fox writing a book to the Grand Sultan and the King at Algiers, "wherein he laid before them their indecent behavior and unreasonable dealings." In 1620 the first English fleet which had sailed in the Mediterranean since the time of the Crusades, was sent, but without any important results, under Admiral Mansel against Algiers. In 1655 Blake was more successful; all the English captives were set at liberty, and Cromwell opened Parliament in the following year with the announcement that peace had been concluded with the "profane" nations. Other expeditions, however, were necessary, and four or five treaties were made between the Restoration and the Revolution. Nor was England the only nation involved in this inveterate conflict. Algiers was twice bombarded by the French in the reign of Louis XIV., and with so much success, that Voltaire says of his countrymen that they now began to be respected on that African coast, where previously they had been known only as slaves. As to the relations between Barbary and Spain, they were characterized by the same hostility and by incessant mutual reprisals. Here the names of two illustrious men, the one a Frenchman, the other a Spaniard—two of the greatest names of the seventeenth century—demand our particular notice. They represent the two currents of feeling which kept the sympathy and indignation of Europe in reference to Algerine slavery perpetually fresh. Religion and charity in St. Vincent de Paul and the institutions which he founded—poetry and literature in Cervantes and the writers who followed him—were agencies quite as powerful as treaties or bombardments. St. Vincent, when a young deacon, was taken by Barbary pirates within sight of the French coast, while he was going from Marseilles towards Narbonne, on his way to revisit the home of his childhood. The sufferings which he witnessed made an indelible impression,

and he became the founder of those Sisterhoods of Mercy, which have been a true honor to the modern Church of Rome. Thus the horrors of slavery gave the impulse to organized efforts for the alleviation of sorrow; and so we hope that the miseries of our recent war will be remembered hereafter as the fruitful beginning of wider opportunities for woman's mission in scenes of sickness and pain. Cervantes, after his own captivity, labored in another field on behalf of the Christian slave. The scenes in his dramas, *El Trato de Argel* (or "Life in Algiers") and *Los Banos de Argel* (or "The Gallies of Algiers") were, as he says himself, "not drawn from the imagination, but born far from the regions of fiction, in the very heart of truth." He was followed by Lope de Vega in *Los Cautivos de Argel* (or "The Captives of Algiers"), and by Haedo in *Los Martyres de Argel* (or "The Martyrs of Algiers"). The French, too, and Italians took the plots of a large number of their stories at that period from the same source. The "Sallee Rover" of Robinson Crusoe, is, in fact, only a specimen of a widely-spread characteristic of contemporary European literature. Nor, indeed, can we limit ourselves to Europe. The story of "The Algerine Captive" was one of the earliest literary works of the United States reprinted in London. America, as well as Europe, was afflicted by the Barbary pirate both before and after the Declaration of Independence. In 1793 there were 115 American slaves in Algiers; and Franklin, on his death-bed, gave his last word for emancipation, by making a parody of a speech delivered in the American Congress, "transferring the scene to Algiers, and putting the speech in the mouth of a corsair slave-dealer in the Divan at that place."

Even Algerine slavery had its alleviations. The Koran enjoins kindness to the captive, the Christian bondmen in Algiers were frequently raised to places of honor and trust, or encouraged by the prospect of earning their redemption; above all, Christian ecclesiastics were allowed to preach and to administer the sacraments among them. Campbell tells us of an Algerine Turk, who bequeathed a legacy for the distribution of alms among the most necessitous of the "infidel dogs;" and in Arago's curious autobiography, which contains a represent

ation of Algiers as it was at the beginning of this century, we have a pleasing picture of an old Lazarist priest, who in a residence of half a century had so won the respect and affections of all the Mussulmans that he was able to shelter his fellow-Christians from insult and violence. Nevertheless slavery is still slavery. "Thanks be to God," says the captive in Don Quixote, "for the great mercies bestowed upon me; for, in my opinion, there is no happiness on earth equal to that of liberty regained." Putting aside the horrors of a perpetual exile, cut off from relations, friends, and countrymen, the kindness bore a slight proportion to the sufferings. Whatever might be true of domestic servitude, the condition of those who were engaged in the day on public works, and shut up at night in the bagnios, was perfectly frightful. Pananti, whose narrative is one of the latest, says, "Of all human sufferers, I have been taught to believe the Christian slaves of Barbary are the greatest." It is no wonder that the indignation of Europe, irritated still further by the insolent treatment of consuls and free Christian residents, gradually ripened, and that the general feeling at length reached its crisis in the English expedition of 1816.

Though Tangier is not within the limits of the French colony, we can hardly in passing avoid mentioning a possession which, as part of the dowry of the queen of Charles II., is connected with the history of England. A tribute of respect is due to Lord Dartmouth, who, when commissioned in 1683 to go and destroy the fortifications and the harbor of the expensive and useless African settlement, invited Ken to accompany the expedition, "thinking it of the highest importance to have the ablest and best man he could possibly obtain to go with him, both for the service of God, and the good government of the clergy that are chaplains to the fleet." Such was the language of the invitation; and great is the sacrifice of feeling which the author of the Morning and Evening Hymns must have made in yielding to the call. Tangier seems to have been a sink of iniquity. In the Diary of Mr. Pepys, after an amusing account of the incidents of the voyage, especially the hot disputes, on deck and in the cabin, "about spirits, — Dr. Ken asserting there were such, and Pepys with the rest denying it," — we find the following:

"Sunday, Sept. 30.—To church (in Tangier). A very fine and seasonable, but most unsuccessful, argument from Dr. Ken, particularly in reproof of the vices of this town." And again, "Had a great deal of good discourse on the viciousness of this place, and its being high time for Almighty God to destroy it. . . . Very high discourse between Dr. Ken and me on one side, and the governor (Kirke) on the other, about the excessive liberty of swearing we observe here."

The works of the African colony were blown up and abandoned; Ken returned to his English home; and while the Asiatic colony of Bombay, the other part of the dowry of Catherine of Braganza, grew daily into greater importance, Tangier disappeared from our national history, except, indeed, that the battalions which bore its name fought under King William at the Boyne, as the Zouaves of Algiers fought at the Alma.

The last great passage of Algerine history previous to the French occupation is the expedition of 1816. Lord Exmouth's interpreter Salamé narrates with a charming oriental *naïveté* his experiences and feelings during this bombardment by the English and Dutch. The twenty-five ships with which Lord Exmouth sailed from Plymouth had been joined at Gibraltar by five gun-boats, and by six Dutch ships under Admiral Van Cappellan, whom Salamé describes as "a very mild and good-tempered old officer, about sixty-five years of age, rather thin, and of the middle size." Meanwhile the Dey of Algiers had heard something of the expedition through the French newspapers, not by reading them himself, for he was unable to read or write even his own language, but by the information of a European consul who spoke Turkish. The news of the coming of the English was confirmed by the Captain of a Danish merchant-ship, which happened to touch at Algiers about that time.

"The Dey replied, 'Lët them come.' The Danish captain said, 'Very likely they will come with a great quantity of shells.' The Dey in reply said, 'When they send me their shells I shall hang them in my rooms like these melons' (alluding to the water-melons which are preserved in Algiers by being hung from the roofs). Then the Dane told him, 'Now you say so because you do not know what the English shells are, but I



was at 'Copenhagen when they came there, and I know what their shells are.'"

On the 27th of August the fleet lay off Algiers, and Salamé with the flag-lieutenant was sent with a letter containing the admiral's demands for the immediate abolition of Christian slavery, and reparation of the wrongs inflicted on the European powers. As the interpreter left the Queen Charlotte, the officers called out to him, "Salamé, if you return with an answer from the Dey that he accepts our demands without fighting, we will kill you instead." He was "much delighted" with this sign of the bravery and determination of the English nation, but his alarm was considerable during two hours, while he waited in the boat near the mole for the Dey's answer, "within pistol-shot of thousands of those barbarous people, and hearing their impertinences." But he consoled himself with reflecting that "no one in this world can obtain the end of his wishes without exposing himself to perils." The time expired, and no answer was returned. Then the admiral led the way, followed in succession by the rest of the squadron. Each ship anchored by the stern, the Queen Charlotte abreast of the mole-head, within 100 yards' distance. The Algerine gun-boats, with their red silk flags, lay crowded close under the batteries. Thousands of Turks and Moors looked on in astonishment; and during this movement of the English fleet, not a gun was fired from the city. Indeed, it appeared afterwards that the guns were not loaded. Lord Exmouth's bravery is thus described by Salamé, who honestly tells us that he had reached the Queen Charlotte "more dead than alive."

"I was quite surprised to see how his Lordship was altered from what I left him in the morning, for I knew his manner was in general very mild, and now he seemed to me *all-fightful* as a fierce lion which had been chained in its cage and was set at liberty."

The first Algerine gun was fired a few minutes before three. About six the enemy's fire began to slacken, and their fleet was set on fire. At ten, the works being nearly silenced, the squadron moved out to sea, though the bomb-ships continued the action till midnight. Salamé's own part in this engagement was not very distinguished. He describes his sensations as follows:

"After the attack took place on both sides, immediately the sky was darkened by smoke, the sun completely eclipsed, and the horizon became dreary. Being exhausted by the heat of that powerful sun, to which I was exposed the whole day, and my ears being deafened by the roar of the guns, and finding myself in the dreadful danger of such a terrible engagement, in which I had never been before, I was quite at a loss, and like an astonished or stupid man, and did not know myself where I was. At last, his Lordship having perceived my situation, said, 'You have done your duty: now go below.' Upon which I began to descend from the quarter-deck, quite confounded and terrified, and not sure that I should reach the cockpit alive."

When he joined the surgeon and the wounded men in the cockpit he was somewhat reassured, on learning that they were two or three feet below the water-mark, though, he adds, that he thinks the taking off of arms and legs is the most shocking sight in the world, "in preference to which, if I was a military man, I should certainly prefer to be on deck than being with the doctor in the cockpit." His general conclusion is summed up in a note, which we find in a later part of the book.

"When very young, in Alexandria, my native country, I heard the report of the guns of the famous battle of Aboukir, and saw the light of the explosion of the ship *L'Orient*, since which time I always had a great desire to see, from a distance, a naval action; but having now been in such a tremendous one as this, I have got very full satisfaction, and do not wish to see any more."

When the ships had hauled out at night, he ventured on the poop to behold the destruction of the enemy's navy, the blaze of which illuminated all the bay and made it almost as clear as in the day-time. "It was astonishing," he adds, "to see the coat of his lordship, how it was all cut up by musket-balls and by grape; it was behind as if a person had taken a pair of scissors and cut it all to pieces."

On the 28th, a second letter having been sent by Lord Exmouth with the same demands, the captain of the port came on board to signify the Dey's submission. Then followed a series of interviews with the Dey himself. A number of evasions were attempted in reference to the liberation of the slaves, the payment of the money, and

the apology due for the brutal treatment of the English consul M'Donnell. At length the Dey was overheard to say in an under tone, "*The foot of the red-haired man is on my neck; what shall I do?*"\* He complied with the conditions which he could not escape, saying that all had happened according to the Divine decree, and that it would be better to forget the past. The slaves came on board, shouting with so much exultation, that Salamé says, "Even I, who had hardly done anything in the battle, when I heard the exclamation of these poor people, was quite delighted, and forgot every danger and labor that we had passed, in the happiness of seeing them released." The dollars were piled up in the court-yard of the palace, and brought down in sacks to the mole. On the 3rd of September, all the accounts being finally adjusted, the fleet sailed away to Gibraltar at midnight. The discouragement given to slavery and piracy is not the only result of the battle of Algiers. Some of the consequences of this memorable expedition are still in the future; for it was the first of those blows on the Mohamedan power in the Mediterranean, of which the second was inflicted by the English, Russians, and French at Navarino, and the third again at Algiers in 1830 by the French.

Just a quarter of a century has elapsed since the French invaded Northern Africa, and yet this short period carries us through three dynasties. The expedition sailed and Algiers capitulated in the reign of Charles X.; the conquest was continued and perfected, so as to embrace the whole Turkish Algerine territory, under Louis Philippe; the results have been secured by the generals of Napoleon III., and are peacefully incorporated with the Empire. It forms no part of our plan to give an *exposé* of all the motives which led the Government of Charles X. to equip the African armada. M. Duval, the consul, had been struck on the face by the Dey with a fan. The ship *Provence* also had been fired upon. Polignac was irritated. Perhaps he thought that a *coup d'état* might more easily be accomplished under the shelter of military success.† He

\* This part of the story is told rather differently by Salamé. We give it as we received it from an officer engaged in the action.

† On avait pensé qu'un coup d'état passerait plus facilement à l'ombre d'un succès militaire.

resolved not simply to bombard Algiers, as it had been bombarded under Louis XIV. and by Lord Exmouth, but to conquer it. In some minds the thought of renewing the *prestige* of Bonaparte and Egypt was very active. Others felt with some pride that France was taking up the cause of civilization, of Europe, of Christianity. More practical spirits thought of colonization and rivalry with England. In the midst of this excitement of politics and romance, the great expedition, consisting of 11 line-of-battle ships, 19 frigates, and 274 transports, under the superintendence of Admiral Duperré, sailed at the end of May from Toulon. On the 13th of June they arrived in front of Algiers. On the 14th a landing was effected at Sidi-Ferruch, a few miles to the west. The three divisions of Berthezéne, Loverdo, and the Duc d'Escar contained 37,000 men, the whole being under the command of Marshal Bourmont. Ten days of hard fighting brought them to the height which rises over the town and commands a view of the Metidja plain. It was found (as Tacitus says in his account of the affair of Tacfarinas) that African cavalry are no match for disciplined European infantry. During the night of the 29th the first parallel was begun at a distance of 250 metres from the *Château de l'Empereur*, so called because it was built where the German Emperor had been encamped before his disastrous retreat. The fire opened at daybreak on the 4th of July. The bombardment was short. At half-past nine the Turks were in despair. At ten they blew up the castle with a terrible explosion, and the French monarch was king of Algiers. At the end of the month he had ceased to be king of Paris.

If we pursue the history of Algeria during the few years which succeeded the French occupation of the city, we find it characterized by energetic military advances, which, however, were seriously hindered by hesitating counsels and a fluctuating policy at home. The revolution in Paris and the siege of Antwerp threw the interests of Algiers into the shade. The government of July were embarrassed by the legacy of the Absolutists. The national feeling, however,

Les Français, disait-on, oublient facilement la liberté en présence de la gloire.—Lacretelle, *Histoire de France depuis la Restauration*, iv. p. 419.

compelled them to accept it; and the first success of the African enterprise was promptly seconded. Marshal Bourmont, whose going over to the Allies on the eve of the battle of Waterloo was probably not forgotten, was succeeded by Marshal Clausel, another old soldier of the Empire, whose gallant bearing at Salamanca after Marmont's disaster is well known to all students of the battles of the Peninsula. Bourmont had advanced into the interior only so far as to make a *reconnaissance* to Blidah. Clausel laid Blidah waste, massacred its inhabitants, penetrated into the Atlas through the *Col de Mouzdia*, and established a new bey at Medéah, the capital of the Turkish province of Tittery. This was the first military expedition of the Zouaves,\* who were a creation of Marshal Clausel, and who in their original organization consisted partly of indigenous Arab soldiers and partly of *enfants de Paris* and other reckless Europeans. And certainly no more curious meeting-point of the East and West can be pointed out than that which is presented by this scene, when the swarthy children of Africa, wearing the turban and shouting the Bedouin war-cry, and the *Volontaires de la Charte*, singing *La Marseillaise*, and still wearing their blouses, pressed on side by side through the gorges of Mount Atlas under the command of a Peninsular general. A vigorous step seemed to have been taken towards securing the country to the south of Algiers. About the same time Oran on the west was occupied; and though at first it was made over to Tunis, with the view of forming a counterpoise to the power of Morocco, it was presently found necessary to garrison it with French troops. Bona on the east had been seized when Algiers itself was taken; but it could hardly be said to be a source of strength to the French, unless it could be used as a point of departure for the assault and capture of Constantinople. So Clausel would probably have used it; but just at the critical time he was succeeded by Berthezène, and with him came a change of policy.

\* M. V. de Mars refers the origin of the word "Zouave" to the name of a confederation of tribes called Zouaoua, and seems to imply that the French were the first to use it. But we find Panamint giving the name *Zouavi* to the native soldiers under the Turks. He describes them as Moorish soldiers commanded by Turkish officers, and compares their organization to that of the Bengal sepoyas.

Clausel is said to have called Algeria a paradise; Berthezène to have spoken of it as an accursed place, of which it would be impossible to be rid too soon. For a time it seemed as if nothing was to be attempted beyond a colonial establishment limited to the very neighborhood of Algiers. The views of the government at home were hesitating and uncertain. When Algeria was visited by Campbell in 1836 he found the retention of the colony treated almost as an open question, and on his return through Paris, where he had a conversation with Louis Philippe on the subject, still saw reason to regard the problem as awaiting its solution. Nevertheless, the French power made progress on the whole. Fighting was necessary; and this fighting commonly ended in victory. In Paris a decided step was taken by the *ordonnances* of July 23, 1834, which made formal mention of the "French possessions in Northern Africa." Meanwhile that remarkable man, whose name has been connected with all the subsequent annals of Algerian warfare, began to make his influence felt throughout the whole region which lies to the south of Oran. At first it was thought safe and prudent to make treaties with Abd-el-Kader; and for a time it seemed that mutual concessions would secure what was desirable on both sides. But the prophet-chief was too wily to be really held by these agreements, and too fanatical to be content with a compromise between the Crescent and the Cross. His movements on the Scheliff became presently so formidable, that it was determined to send Marshal Clausel once more, and the Duke of Orleans with him. Still there was difference of opinion at Paris as to the course which should be followed. The saying attributed to the Duc de Broglie, "*Alger n'est qu'une loge à l'opéra*," may be regarded as an indication that there were many who would willingly have seen the undertaking given up. In truth, it was evident that France had done either too much or too little. An army of 10,000 men was not enough to secure the conquest of Algeria; but it was far too great to make it possible for the Moors and Arabs to remain quiet. Of those who were decidedly bent on the vigorous prosecution of the war, the most energetic were Thiers—who was in office in 1836, and who saw that Africa

might be made a nursery of soldiers worthy of the Empire—and Clausel himself, who urged in the strongest language that an expedition against Constantina was essential for the purpose of striking a blow that would be felt in Eastern Algeria. The change of ministry, when Molé succeeded Thiers, appears to have been attended with some diminution of enthusiasm. But the expedition was determined on; and 30,000 men were placed under the command of Marshal Clausel, who was accompanied by the king's second son, the Duc de Nemours. It was in this expedition that Changarnier, on one occasion, said to those who were following him into action—"Come on, my men; they are 6000, we are 300: you see we are equal!" There can be no doubt of the gallantry with which the campaign was conducted. But it was altogether unsuccessful. The French army received a very serious check, and then it was that the warlike spirit of the nation was thoroughly kindled. It was said of Constantina, as formerly of Carthage, "*Delenda est.*"

Constantina was now about to become the scene of the most conspicuous victory of the French arms in the course of their conquest of Algeria. General Damrémont was placed at the head of the new expedition, and the first division was commanded by the Duc de Nemours. The siege-train was disembarked at Bona. The march was laborious. But in due time the army took position on the plateaux, which, on one side (and on one side only), give the means of opening a cannonade on the city. The reception was one of fierce defiance. The hated Mussulman flags waved in scorn over the battlements, and discordant cries and yells of women filled the hot air. When an officer was sent, proposing terms of surrender, a proud answer was given worthy of Numantia or Londonderry—"If you want powder we will give you some; if you want biscuit we will share ours with you." One of the first events of the siege was a disaster to the French. The Commander-in-chief, standing incautiously and against the advice of his staff, within range of the enemy's guns, was struck by a ball and died almost immediately. General Vallée, who had seen much service in the wars of the Empire, took the command, and after a severe struggle he brought the siege to a successful issue.

Constantina was taken on Friday the 13th of October, 1837. An old Moorish prophecy had said that the city should be captured on a Friday. The doom of the Mahomedan supremacy on this coast was really come. Though much remained to be done among the Arabs and Kabyles, the last Turkish stronghold had fallen. After several days of anxious suspense the news was brought by telegraph to Paris on the 23rd of October. The satisfaction with which it was received was extreme. The ministry of the day was consolidated by the success, as an earlier ministry had been consolidated by the taking of Antwerp. "*Il faut garder Constantine,*" was the immediate language of the Government. Even the *doctrinaires* now accepted the policy of continuing and completing the subjugation of Algeria. It was well said by M. Blanqui—"The taking of Constantina made us conquerors; till then we only ruled from the sea." The history of the next ten years (1837-1847) is the history of continued progress. They may be divided into two nearly equal periods, Marshal Vallée being governor during the first of them, Marshal Bugeaud during the second.

In the same year during which Constantina was taken, Bugeaud, who then held a command at the other extremity of Algeria, made a treaty with Abd-el-Kader, which in some quarters was severely censured. It is hardly possible, however, to believe that any want of energy was shown by the French general, if the anecdote is true, which represents him as seizing the Emir by the hand, while venturing to be seated in his presence, and raising him up with the rude exclamation, "*Mais relevez vous donc.*" The conditions of the treaty itself imposed very narrow restrictions on the Emir. In other parts of Algeria great activity was displayed during Marshal Vallée's tenure of office. Bugeaud himself became governor in 1841, and the war was prosecuted with unceasing energy. Abd-el-Kader fled into Morocco, and brought a new power into antagonism with France. Then followed the battle of Isly on the frontier, and the bombardment of Mogador on the same day (August 14, 1844), by the Prince de Joinville, on the coast. During all this period we encounter at every step those generals whose experience and promptitude became so valuable in the streets of Paris during the February and



June of 1848. Bedeau was in command in the East, Cavaignac in the West. The activity of Changarnier and Lamoricière was unceasing. A new group of generals soon came into view. A lively picture of the last three years of Bugeaud's administration is presented to us in the recently-published Letters of Marshal Saint-Arnaud; and the names which we find there are those of Bosquet, Canrobert, and Pélissier. Separated in some degree from this group is Baraguay d'Hilliers; but his work in Africa was contemporary, as it has been in Europe since. In following the history of Algiers we are gradually leaving those who were destined to play a great part in 1848, and those who were reserved for 1851 begin to take their places—*les Numides contre les Africains*, to adopt a *bon mot* of the *coup d'état*.

It is impossible not to read with extreme interest what Saint-Arnaud (who in 1845 was only a colonel) said of those who were destined to be his comrades and successors in the Crimean campaign. First comes Pélissier, in co-operation with whom he adopted the terrible measures for the extirpation of the Arabs of the Dahra, which became notorious throughout Europe.

"*Au bivouac de Sidi-Yacoub, Juin 27, 1845.*—Colonel Pélissier and I were ordered to conquer the Dahra and the Dahra is conquered. The journals will give you the sad details of the extremities to which Pélissier was obliged to have recourse in order to subdue the Oued-Riah, who had fled into their caverns. If I had been in his place I should have done the same. . . . If people have said that I marched, sword, axe, and torch in hand, what will they say of Pélissier—a brave and excellent officer, but with a rough rind?"

Again he says in the course of the next month (July 19):

"I must destroy the Sbêhas and lay siege to their caves like Pélissier."

And again (July 26):

"Well, brother, what do you say of our French press? I should have done and shall do what Pélissier did. In eight days I shall perhaps find myself in an identical position, and if I lay siege to the caverns of the Sbêhas, I shall act as a soldier, and shall inflict the greatest possible loss upon the enemy to escape loss myself."

We leave these passages to speak for themselves; for we have no wish to dwell

either on the general cruelties of this long Algerian war, or on the particular proceedings of these two unscrupulous soldiers. The mention of Canrobert is more pleasing. He went to Paris in 1846, and promised to visit Saint-Arnaud's son at school, and, in a letter of introduction which he carried to the boy's uncle, is thus described:

"He is one of the officers of the African army that I love and esteem the most—an old friendship of ten years which dates from the breach of Constantine."

Of the third distinguished Crimean general he says:

"Bosquet, whom you don't know, is very well known and well appreciated in Africa; a man of merit, mind, and sense, who began his career when captain of artillery, as orderly officer to General Lamoricière, and who, pushed forward by him, and his own services in the *bureaux Arabes*, has risen rapidly to the rank of colonel."\*

A vigorous description of him is given by Castellane, in his *Souvenirs of the African War*:

"Colonel Bosquet was one of those men whom one rarely meets. With an iron will, with strong sense and exact judgment equal to the breadth of his mind and the vivacity of his intelligence, he had succeeded in every enterprise intrusted to him. All esteemed him; but his kindly disposition earned for him also the affection of all who came near him. He was evidently a man made for great commands, evidently a man capable of rescuing from a great danger when all are despairing. If ever a great occasion should arise, no one who knows him fears that he will ever be wanting to the occasion or to himself."

One of the most important of Saint-Arnaud's own exploits related to the pursuit of Bou-Maza, an Arab chieftain second only to Abd-el-Kader in activity and resources. But it is more interesting to look at some of those passages which indicate the writer's vanity and ambition, and his curious anticipations of the career to which he was afterwards called:

"I perceive with pleasure that in the most difficult circumstances I preserve a calmness and *sang froid* that I had not formerly. I feel that I command; I find myself at home and collected, and everything prospers. Who knows what all this

\* It appears from one of Saint-Arnaud's later letters, that Bosquet was made a general after having been a colonel only nine months.

might become on a larger scale and in a more extended sphere?"

The following is strangely prophetic :

"Affairs are threatening in Turkey. I rejoice at it. How happy I should be to strike a blow at Russia, conjointly with England!"

In 1847 Bou-Maza surrendered to Saint-Arnaud; but in other respects also this year was remarkable. In the spring was executed the famous expedition into Great Kabylia under Marshal Bugeaud, which is described with much animation by our countryman Mr. Borrer, who accompanied it. Two columns moved on Bougie through the disaffected country at the same time: one from Algiers, over the Metidja plain, under the Marshal's own command, the other, under General Bedeau, from Sétif. The result was the complete submission of 55 clans, reckoned to have the power of sending into the field a contingent of 33,000 men. If the French arms in the early part of the year were thus signalized by victory in the east, success still more remarkable awaited them at its close in the west. On the 23rd of December the Duc d'Aumale (who had succeeded Bugeaud as Governor-General) landed at an Algerian town near the frontier of Morocco. Just two days before, Abd-el-Kader had proposed to Lamoricière to hold a conference. Twenty-four hours passed in the exchange of communications. Then the Emir was received with military honors at the marabout of Sidi Brahim, and was conducted to the Duc d'Aumale, who found himself, almost at the moment of disembarking, victorious over the modern Jugurtha. The chieftain laid down his sandals on the threshold, waited a signal from the young Prince to be seated, kept silence a moment, and then said in Arabic: "I would willingly have done sooner what I have done to-day. I waited the hour marked by God. I demand l'aman from the King of the French for my family and myself." The 24th was taken up with the arrangement of his personal affairs, and Christmas-day saw him on his way to Toulon, with his mother, his wives, and his children. The violation of the promises made to the Arab chieftain is an incident most discreditable to the last days of the rule of the House of Orleans.

The extraordinary circumstances, in the midst of which the year 1848 broke on

France, appear in no connection under a more romantic aspect than in connection with Algiers. On the first day of the year the news came to the Boulevards that Abd-el-Kader was taken. Great rejoicings followed and high congratulations of the youthful Governor-General. Probably there were few persons in France at that time who did not accept this event as a new proof of the consolidation of the throne of Louis Philippe. Such had been the thoughts of many during the summer of 1830 in reference to the throne of Charles X., and the result which now ensued is one more instance of the singular tendency of French history to reproduce itself. In the early part of the year 1848 we took up the *Journal de Constantine* in an Algerian café and read the following parallel between Charles X. and Louis Philippe:

"Each was driven from his throne at seventy-four years of age: one just after the victory over the Dey, the other just after the surrender of Abd-el-Kader; each having lost an eldest son by a violent death—one on February 13th, 1820, the other on February 13th, 1843; each left a grandson of ten years old; each was expelled by a revolution on the same three days of the week."

The next words are an amusing specimen of the French tendency to prolong a comparison till it vanishes in an absurdity: "In each case bread was dear just before, and a violent storm occurred just after." When the Revolution was accomplished the Algerian club in Paris waited on "Citizen Crémieux," at the Hôtel de Ville, and he received them with such sentences as the following: "A king once had the courage to say, 'There are no longer any Pyrenees,' and can you suppose that under the Republic there can ever be a Mediterranean between you and us? It is impossible. France is Algeria and Algeria is France." Four deputies were allowed to the French in Africa, and the electors gave their votes (characteristic choice!) on Easter Sunday in the unfinished cathedral. The walls were covered with placards of all colors, each headed with the words "République Française;" and for a time everything was in a ferment in French Africa, as well as throughout continental Europe. On the whole, however, there was very little real care for the Republic in Algeria. Thoughtful men were anxious; the lighter spirits

made jokes about liberty, equality, and fraternity; the sons of Louis Philippe were sincerely regretted;\* and the ladies mourned over the aristocratic balls which the Princes used to give. The tree of liberty, always a sorry shrub, soon withered in African soil. The *garde mobile* disappeared, and the strict military government resumed its sway in all the new towns between Morocco and Tunis. Though the commotions of Paris produced no important effects in the condition of Algiers, the military experience of Algiers exerted a most important influence on the fortunes of Paris. In fact, the true continuation of Algerian history during the year 1848 is to be found in Parisian squares and among Parisian barricades. In February indeed it seemed as if the extraordinary infatuation which came over the King and his Ministers paralyzed even the veteran Bugeaud, and held back the energy of the two younger African generals, who were in Paris at the time, Bedeau and Lamoricière. But in June (when Cavaignac was Dictator, and Lamartine had ceased to be the people's idol) we see how much may depend on the prompt application of military experience, whether we follow Duvivier † to the *Hotel de Ville*, or Lamoricière to the *Clos St. Lazare*, or Bugeaud and Négrier ‡ to the *Faubourg St. Antoine*. It is indeed impossible to disentangle the narrative of Algerian warfare from the most exciting of modern European changes, and it is precisely this impossibility which gives their most intense interest to the French conquests in Africa.

The crash of a dynasty in France did not in the least degree compromise the French

\* Lamping, "the soldier of the Foreign Legion," writes thus as early as June, 1841:—"The Dukes of Nemours and Aumale were with the column; the first as Brigadier-General, the second as Lieutenant-Colonel of the 24th regiment of the line. Both are tall and well made, and are much respected by the army as brave officers; and, indeed, they do their duty on all occasions, even better than the other superior officers. The Duke of Nemours, however, is not so much beloved as the Duke of Orleans, as he is thought proud and aristocratic, whether justly or not I had no opportunity of telling."—*The French in Algiers*, p. 46.

† The centre of the insurgents was in the *Cité*. The position was gained by Duvivier "stone by stone;" and he died in consequence of wounds received in the struggle. His reputation in Africa had been such, that he was placed in command of the second battalion of Zouaves at their first organization.

‡ Négrier was killed near the same place as the Archbishop of Paris, and on the same dreadful Sunday.

power in Algeria. The results of the year preceding 1848 were permanent. Kabylia was tranquil. Abd-el-Kader remained in prison. By his surrender the last blow had been given to the Arabic nationality, as the last trace of the Turkish domination had been swept away in the taking of Constantina. There was no reason why Algiers should not float on in the wake of Paris, as she pursued her rapid but steady course towards her present Imperial anchorage. Napoleon III. has reaped where others had sown. No great events have occurred during the period in which the new régime has been gradually consolidated. In 1849 some minor military movements took place, and especially the storming of Zaatcha, a fortress within the verge of the eastern Sahara. It was in this siege that Canrobert said to the Zouaves, whom he was leading—"Whatever happens we must mount these walls, and if the retreat sounds, be sure Zouaves, it sounds not for you."\* In the same year, at Midsummer, Marshal Bugeaud—the fierce destroyer of the Kabyles—*le bon père Bugeaud*, as the soldiers called him—died of cholera at Paris. In 1850 we read of nothing more important than the coming of fifteen hundred Arab horsemen to the first horse-races at Algiers, and their termination of the entertainment with a grand national *fantasia*.† In 1851 took place a new campaign in Kabylia, under the direction of Saint-Arnaud, now governor of the province of Constantina, who, in conjunction with Bosques and other well-known officers, obtained for himself a high military renown. The year 1852 was marked by hostilities on the frontier of Morocco, but more especially by Pélissier's success in the taking of Laghouat in the far south, a position about twice as far from Boghar as Boghar is from Algiers, and probably the destined centre of the future trade among the oases of the Sahara.

In the celebrated event of December, 1851, Paris and Algiers were again indissolubly bound together. Saint-Arnaud, recalled

\* The commanding officer on this occasion was General d'Herbillon, who commanded at the battle of the Tchernaya. He was also engaged in the *coup d'état*, on the side of the President.

† The *fantasia* of the Arabs may be described as a mixture of the terrible and the ludicrous. Its main point consists in the sudden reining up of horses at full gallop, and the discharge of every gun at the same moment.

from Constantina, had been closeted daily with the Prince President for the space of a fortnight, and at length everything was arranged throughout Paris for simultaneous action at a quarter past six on the morning of the 2nd. The first act of the drama was the seizure of five African generals at their separate lodgings. The apprehension of Changarnier was regarded as the most important, and its incidents may be taken as a specimen of all. At a few minutes after six the police-officer rang the bell at No. 3, *Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré*. The porter was suspicious and refused to open the door. It struck the officer that a grocer's shop adjoining probably communicated with the court. After telling one of his men to keep the porter in conversation, he entered the shop, demanded the key, penetrated with the rest of his men into the general's house, and ascended the stairs. Changarnier sprung from his bed, and appeared with bare feet, and a pistol in each hand. After a moment's pause he yielded himself up with perfect calmness. On his way to the prison of Mazas, he said, "When the President has a foreign war, he will be glad of my services again, that he may give me the command of an army." To the same prison the other generals were presently brought, after more or less indignant expostulation or resistance—brave and able men, like himself, and illustrious in the campaigns of twenty years—Bedeau, Lamoricière, Leflo, and Cavaignac. Canrobert, on the contrary, was peculiarly energetic on the 4th at the barricades of the *Porte St. Martin*, and penetrated on the following day with complete success through the *Faubourg Poissonnière* to Ménilmontant. Bosquet and Péllissier were in Africa. The result of these events is, that since the close of 1851 the first group of Algerian generals (*Les Africains*) have been in exile, while the second group (*les Numides*) have become the prominent agents in the Russian war. As to Algiers itself, its fortunes, like those of France, now seek to wear the aspect of industrial and commercial progress. The latest articles of intelligence relate to the digging of Artesian wells, the opening of markets for the native tribes, and the exportation of corn and other produce. We turn with pleasure from the horrors of war to say a few words in conclusion on the natural pro-

ducts and social condition of the great African colony.

No view of the natural capabilities of Algeria can be so complete as that which was afforded by the collection of its products in the Paris *Exposition* last year. Those who visited that exhibition, and penetrated to the long *Annexe* by the river, will remember the "Algerian trophy" in the midst, with its fruits and ears of corn, and the vegetable, animal, and mineral produce which were distributed round it. No more interesting moment occurred in the history of the Exhibition than the visit of Abd-el-Kader—no meeting-point of the East and West in our times has been more remarkable—no scene could form a more suitable termination to the sketches with which we have endeavored to illustrate the various fortunes of Algiers. The Emir's appearance on that occasion is described as sorrowful and yet prince-like. "He wore the simple Arab dress, without any personal decoration, and acknowledged with sedate grace the salutations of the bystanders." It would be difficult to imagine the feelings with which this child of the desert saw the progress of European energy in discovering and using the resources of his conquered African home.

The vegetable resources of Algeria are, perhaps, on the whole the most conspicuous. In Roman times Northern Africa was so famous for its harvests that it was proverbially called the granary of Italy. Pliny is profuse in his praises of its fruitfulness. We are told that Proconsular Africa used sometimes to be allegorically represented under the form of a woman with an ear of corn in each hand, and standing on a vessel loaded with grain. This character seems in a fair way of being again realized in reference to France. In the Exhibition of 1855 might be seen the finest samples of wheat, oats, rye, barley, millet, rice, and Indian corn. And these ripe specimens were exhibited in Paris six weeks before the French harvest was ready. Fruits, too, of the most various kinds were there—ripe apples and pears in July, with dates from Laghouat in the distant Sahara; with oranges so fine as to remind one that the gardens of the Hesperides were in Northwestern Africa; with lemons, citrons, guavas, almonds, figs, pomegranates; with other garden produce,



such as beans, haricots, potatoes, and yams. Samples of cotton were exhibited in great profusion; and the attention of merchants and manufacturers was drawn to other vegetable fibres,—especially that of the *urtica nivea*, brought prominently into notice by the want of hemp during the Russian war,—and the *crin d'Afrique*, produced from the dwarf palm, and much esteemed for the stuffing of cushions and beds. A long list of miscellaneous articles might be enumerated, such as gums, resins, madder, sumac, linseed, opium, tobacco, olive-oils, and wines both white and red. But in estimating the vegetable resources of African France we ought particularly to notice the invaluable woods for furniture and cabinet-work which its vast forests are able to send,—cedar of such dimensions that a table was exhibited of one slab nearly five feet in diameter; olive of an almost fabulous age; myrtle, holly, walnut, mulberry; and above all the Thuja wood, with its rich brown veins on a reddish base, identified by Sir William Hooker with the *citrus* of the ancient world, tables of which were purchased at incredible prices for the palaces of noble Romans.

The wealth of Algiers derivable from the animal kingdom also is copious and varied. The Arab is essentially a shepherd: the sheep of the Sahara plateaux is supposed to have a close relationship to the merino of Spain; and, as we should expect, the exhibition of wools gave indications of rivalry with our own colonies of New South Wales and Victoria. Northern Africa appears to be quite as favorable as Southern France for the cultivation of the silk-worm, and the silks formed a conspicuous part of the collection of 1855. The coral-fishery near Bona was conducted with much enterprise even in the Turkish days; \* and, whether it remains chiefly in the hands of Italians or not, must be a valuable source of profit to France. To this section of our commercial catalogue we may add the items of cochineal, hides, beeswax, and honey.† If we turn to the mineral re-

\* Some cruelties inflicted on Italian coral-fishers were among the immediate causes of the expedition of 1816.

† A recent article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, entitled "Le Cheval de Guerre," points out Algeria as an admirable country for the rearing of horses for the army. The writer is general Daumas, than whom no one is more competent to form a just opinion; and he is fortified by letters written by

sources of Algeria, as represented in the Exhibition, we find iron, copper, and lead rich in silver. The shares in the Tenez and Mouzäia mines appear, indeed, to be low; but it is not very clear at present whether this arises from the veins being worked out or from defective experience and skill. The rich marbles of the colony are probably inexhaustible.

We cannot justly lay much stress on the show of colonial manufactures, on the saddles and harness, the arms and articles of dress, the medicines and liqueurs, the Moorish carpets and earthenware, which gave a curious and characteristic appearance to the Algerian compartment of the *Annexe*. And, indeed, it is obvious that a mere collection even of raw produce may only exhibit possibilities in their most hopeful aspect. In order to estimate the true value of a colony, a balance must be struck between its productiveness and the expense of maintaining it. Our belief is that Algeria is destined to become of the highest value to France, in the literal and material sense, independently of the benefits of having afforded an outlet for restless and dangerous spirits, and a training-ground for a courageous and experienced army. We think that Saint-Arnaud expressed in 1844 the true state of the case: "The future of this country is immense, but the gold that it will swallow up is incalculable." The second part of this prophecy has been already abundantly fulfilled, and we believe the first part is now entering on its fulfilment. Ten years ago, when the question was asked, "What do you export?" the answer was, "Nothing but dates and wounded soldiers." The very corn for the sustenance of the troops was imported. During the Russian war, on the other hand, we read of large supplies of grain sent from Algiers to Kamiesch, and recent returns seem to show a continued improvement. During the last three years agricultural enterprise has received a great impulse. The first race of immigrants—the storekeepers, innkeepers, and miscellaneous speculators are ruined, and are now giving place to more industrious and settled colonists. The population is extremely heterogeneous. Every European nation has its representatives in Algeria, our own excepted, unless indeed we reckon "*les Anglo-Maltais*" in this

Crimean officers during the recent war, which put so many horses on their trial.

character. Some villages are as German as the German villages of Pennsylvania. Perhaps we may regard this mixture as an advantage, when we consider the great varieties of soil and climate which are included within the limits of the colony.

Many popular mistakes have existed in reference to both the soil and climate of Algeria. When the French landed they were probably under the impression that the sand of the interior reached almost to Sidi-Ferruch. Then they became acquainted with the Medidja, where (to use one of Pélissier's expressions) you could not find sand enough to sprinkle a letter; and the contrary error began to prevail, that there was no Algerian sand at all. The characteristics of the Tell and the Sahara are now fully known and understood. The former is the country of harvests, the home of the agricultural Arabs, and in its more level parts very rich and very uniform. The latter is the region of the high plateaux, over which the pastoral Arabs wander with their flocks, or travel in trading caravans from one oasis to another. It is true that the Sahara is a desert, but, as a recent traveller has truly said, it is no more a barren unvarying wilderness than the Highlands are one continued moor. The palm-trees round the wells of water form green islands, often so numerous as to be truly archipelagos, in the midst of a wide ocean of plains and mountains. Some tracts, usually unproductive, are fertilized and turned into pasture for a time by the rains of early spring; others remain always an arid waste, over which the simoom reigns supreme.

With these varieties of soil are corresponding varieties of climate. The summer heats are excessive, though the winters also are very cold, in the Sahara, beyond the Lesser Atlas. The extremes of temperature and other conditions in the table-lands near the Tell, elevated above the sea to about the height of the Vosges, are probably very favorable to the health and industry of Northern Europeans. The climate of the coast-region is moderated and made equable by the proximity of the sea, and is far more like that of Naples than of Sierra Leone. Algiers lies to the north of Malaga, though, without consulting the map, many persons would find it as difficult to believe this as to believe that Edinburgh lies to the west of Liverpool. Moreover, while the mountains behind Malaga

are so placed as to receive the hot southern sun, the Sahel behind Algiers has a northern slope. Already French Africa is resorted to by European invalids. For the sake of health, and for other reasons, we anticipate an increasing tide of travellers in this direction. A very useful "*Itinéraire de l'Algérie*" was published last year in Paris; and we hope the time is not far distant when our friend Mr. Murray will complete his circuit of the Mediterranean, by adding an Algerian chapter to his excellent "Handbook for France." \* To the naturalist, to the archaeologist, and the student of ecclesiastical history, this country presents new fields full of intense interest; and Algiers is not much more distant from Marseilles than Edinburgh (by water) from London. Even in 1842 three lines of mail-steamers for this service were established. Now communication takes place almost daily between the South of France and some point of the Algerian coast.† The submarine telegraphic wire is just laid down from Cagliari, and Paris will be in instantaneous communication with Algiers. The associations between the mother country and the colony, or rather between the conquering country and the conquered, are daily becoming closer. That Algeria should ever detach itself from France, or become the possession of any other European power, we regard as in the highest degree improbable. A king was dethroned when the conquest was hardly begun; but the enterprise was not arrested. Another revolution occurred, when the Arabs had received their most humiliating defeat; but the French cause did not waver for a moment. Whatever changes may take place in Paris, we believe that Algiers is secure; and so long as the tri-color is a symbol, not of war and bloodshed, but of peace and real improvement, we shall watch its progress over the Atlas with satisfaction and hope. Not faultless ourselves in India or at the Cape, we will not scan too narrowly all the process by which the French have become firmly possessed of what Montale-

\* Why is not Mr. Ford's lively, learned, and almost encyclopædial "*Handbook for Spain*," made complete by the addition of a chapter on the Balearic Islands? A chapter on Corsica has been added to the last edition of the "*Handbook for France*."

† Steamers belonging to the Messageries Impériales leave Marseilles six times a month for Algiers, three times for Bona, three times for Oran, and three times for Store. There are also Algerian screw-steamers belonging to a private company.

bert calls, with some bitterness towards the present dynasty, "*Ce legs magnifique de la monarchie constitutionnelle*;" and we feel no temptation to grudge to our allies the natural pride with which they now look forward to "*l'avenir de la belle colonie*."

The Governor-General of French Algeria, who is always a soldier, has nearly absolute power.\* Each province under him has its own military lieutenant-governor. There are also three civil *préfets*, but their cares are limited to municipal, agricultural, and mercantile questions. The Governor-General has an administrative council, including the bishop and the rector of the academy. The whole territory of the colony is divided into districts or *zones* of three kinds, the Civil, the Mixed, and the Arab. In the first of these the Government has reference chiefly to Europeans, and (with certain limitations) is similar to that of an ordinary French department. In the second all administrative functions, both civil and judicial, are discharged by military officers. The third are placed under strict martial law. The most difficult and delicate task of Government relates to the management of the native tribes. Hence the importance of the *bureaux arabes*, conducted by French officers skilled in the Arab language and customs. Lamoricière took an active part in their first organization, and in them Bosquet began his distinguished career. The necessity of dealing directly with the indigenous Mussulmans was imposed upon the French by their expulsion of the Turks after the first conquest of Algiers. There were some who questioned the wisdom of this policy. But the Turks could hardly have been useful servants. They were at best only an army of occupation; they had never been the authors of any improvement; their only care had been to prosecute piracy by sea and to extort taxes by land. Now hardly a Turk is to be found in the colony. Many retired to Tunis; some to Alexandria. The substitution of the French for the Turkish rule in this part of Barbary had an immediate and extraordinary effect on the condition of the Jews. No two persons can be more different in outward demeanor than the Jew of Tetuan and the Jew of Algiers. The former crouches and trembles, is mer-

cilessly plundered, and meekly submits to every form of insult. The latter is the most insufferable dandy that ever wore a turban.

As to the other races which are found among the 2,500,000 Algerian subjects of Napoleon III., we have little to add to what we have already said in following the successive waves of the population of Northern Africa. Traces of the Vandals are still seen or imagined in the blue eyes and light complexions of some of the mountain tribes. The Kabyles are believed to be the representatives of the ancient Berbers. The ethnological point of most practical interest and importance lies in the distinction, so clearly exhibited by Daumas, between the Arab and the Kabyle. The two races, independently of the radical difference of language, are separated in their moral even more than in their physical characteristics. While the Arab is idle and desultory, the Kabyle is a diligent gardener and a busy manufacturer; he cultivates fruits and vegetables, he keeps bees, he makes gunpowder, sabres, pottery, cloth, even soap. The most curious example of the Kabyle's skill in handicraft is to be found in the minting of false coins, which before the French occupation was carried on to a vast extent in the mountains, to the disturbance of the currencies of various countries. The contrast between the two races might be pursued through a variety of amusing details. The Kabyle lives in a fixed habitation; the Arab is a horseman and a wanderer. The Kabyle is a republican; the Arab has feudal institutions. The Kabyle takes a pride in the cleanness and brightness of his gun; the Arab says that a black dog will bite as well as a white one. The Kabyle pays fewer compliments than the Arab, tells fewer lies, and in war is a more open foe.

Whatever may be the movements or quiescence of the Arabs, there is no doubt that the Kabyles will yet give much trouble to the French, and require the maintenance of a considerable army. In 1846 Marshal Bugeaud had under his command more than 100,000 men; and since that time the number of troops in the colony has rarely been less than 80,000. Algiers has not only been the training-place for almost all parts of the French army in succession, but it has brought into existence new corps of the highest military value. Of these the most distinguished are the *Zouaves*. For some time the recruit-

\* Since 1851 Marshal Randon has been Governor, with the exception of a short *interim*, when the post was held by Pélissier.

ing went on slowly, and difficulties were experienced from the mixture of Europeans and Mahomedans. In 1833 the two battalions of which the force originally consisted were thrown into one. About this time Lamoricière was placed at their head, and in 1835 the two battalions were again reconstituted. They were raised to three in 1841 by Marshal Bugeaud, who now entirely separated the Arab soldiers from the French, and created a new corps of native troops, called *Tirailleurs Indigènes*, in which Bosquet and other Crimean soldiers saw much active service. Lamoricière was succeeded in the command of the Zouaves by Cavaignac, and Cavaignac after an interval by Canrobert.\* In 1852 they were raised to three regiments of three battalions each. About the close of the Russian war the Emperor, with his usual tact, added a regiment of Zouaves to the Imperial Guard; and the famous Algerian and Crimean costume is now seen by every tourist who moves through the streets of Paris. In their first constitution the *Spahis*, like the Zouaves, were a mixed corps; but the *Spahis* now are almost entirely native, as the Zouaves are entirely European. The *Chasseurs d'Afrique* are the French cavalry who owe their formation to the campaigns of Algeria. To use the expression of Count Castellane, "Two elements are united in the cavalry of Africa to insure success—the French element and the Arab element, the *Spahi* and the *Chasseur*."

Even to the conclusion our notices of Al-

\* Baraguay d'Hilliers, and many other officers who have been conspicuous in the Russian war, formerly served in Africa in the corps of Zouaves.

geria are more full of war than we could wish. In most French works on the subject we should be glad to see a more sensitive feeling of the suffering, carnage, and death, through which the conquest has been completed. In some there is a mixture of war and religion which we deeply regret. It is, however, some satisfaction to reflect that Christianity, entangled as it is in this instance both with war and superstition, is reinstated in the country of St. Augustine. Algiers was constituted a bishopric about the time when our English colonial episcopate was so widely extended. The first bishop, Monsignor Dupuch, is said to have been active, laborious, and benevolent, but he seems to have wanted capacity for business; for when he resigned in 1846 he was deeply in debt. Monsignor Pavry, who succeeded him, has a high reputation for energy and ability.\* As to religious truth, it is a grievous evil that, in addition to the other corruptions of Romanism, the dogma of the Immaculate Conception will be preached as part of the Christian Gospel by the new African episcopate. As to religious practice, the saying of Abd-el-Kader to the Abbé Suchet is, we fear, equally applicable to the case of our own missionaries, impeded as they are in every part of the world by the lives of inconsistent Englishmen:—"Since thy religion is so beautiful, so benevolent, tell me why it is that all the French do not observe it."

\* Saint-Arnaud's remark, when he describes his first meeting with the new bishop (Jan. 4, 1847), is characteristic: "He is a clever man, but he speaks from the head more than from the heart; I should preach better than he."

**PARAFFINA.**—The editor of the St. Louis Republican has had exhibited to him a specimen of candle made from paraffina, a product of the Breckinridge coal. It has the appearance of white wax, is hard as the spermaceti candle, is said to burn more luminous and more clearly, and can be manufactured at a trifle above the price of the stearine candle. A gentleman of Louisville has been experimenting with paraffina, and believes that, next to spermaceti, it will make the best candles in the market. The Breckinridge coal yields the substance in great abundance, and promises, in this respect, as in others, to be the most remunerative coal mines in the West. We believe this experiment in candle-making from this material is the first in the United States. It is a curiosity, and will excite surprise in the minds of those who associate with coal only ideas of blackness and dirt.

**EJACULATIONS.**—Ejaculations are short prayers darted up to God on emergent occasions. The principal use of ejaculations is against the fiery darts of the Devil. Our adversary injects (how he doth it God knows, that he doth it we know) bad motions into our hearts; and that we may be as nimble with our antidotes, as he with poisons, such short prayers are proper and necessary. In hard havens so choaked up with the envious sands, that great ships drawing many feet of water cannot come near, lighter and lesser pennaces may freely and safely arrive. When we are time-bound, place-bound, or person-bound, so that we cannot compose ourselves to make a large solemn prayer, this is the right instant for ejaculations, whether orally uttered or only poured forth inwardly in the heart.—*Fuller's Good Thoughts.*



## THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

"And for our tong, that still is so empayred  
By travelling linguists,—I can prove it clear  
That no tong has the muses' utterance heyred  
For verse, and that swete music to the ear  
Strook out of Rhyme so naturally as this."

CHAPMAN.

GIVE me of every language, first my vigorous  
English,  
Store~~d~~ with imported wealth, rich in its natural  
mines—  
Grand in its rythmical cadence, simple for  
household employment—  
Worthy the poet's song, fit for the speech of a  
man.  
Not from one metal alone the perfectest mirror is  
shapen,  
Not from one color is built the rainbow's aerial  
bridge,  
Instruments blending together yield the divinest  
of music,  
Out of a myriad flowers, sweetest of honey is  
drawn.  
So unto thy close strength is welded and beaten  
together  
Iron dug from the North, ductile gold from the  
South;  
So unto thy broad stream the ice-torrents born  
in the mountains  
Rush, and the rivers pour brimming with sun  
from the plains.  
Thou hast the sharp clean edge and the down-  
right blow of the Saxon,  
Thou the majestic march and the stately  
pomp of the Latin,  
Thou the euphonious swell, the rythmical roll  
of the Greek;  
Thine is the elegant suavity caught from the so-  
norous Italian,  
Thine the chivalric obeisance, the courteous  
grace of the Norman—  
Thine the Teutonic German's inborn guttural  
strength.  
Rafted by firm-laid consonants, windowed by  
opening vowels,  
Thou securely art built, free to the sun and the  
air.  
Over thy feudal battlements trail the wild ten-  
drils of fancy,  
Where in the early morn warbled our earliest  
birds;  
Science looks out from thy watch-tower, love  
whispers in at thy lattice,  
While o'er thy bastions wit flashes its glittering  
sword.  
Not by corruption rotted, nor slowly by ages  
degraded,  
Have the sharp consonants gone crumbling  
away from our words;  
Virgin and clean is their edge like granite  
blocks chiselled by Egypt,  
Just as when Shakspeare and Milton laid them  
in glorious verse.  
Fitted for every use, like a great majestic  
river,

Blending thy various streams, stately thou  
flowest along,  
Bearing the white-winged ship of poesy over  
thy bosom,  
Laden with spices that come out of the tropical  
isles,  
Fancy's pleasuring yacht with its bright and  
fluttering pennons,  
Logic's frigates of war, and the toil-worn barges  
of trade.  
How art thou freely obedient unto the poet or  
speaker  
When, in a happy hour, thought into speech he  
translates;  
Caught on the word's sharp angles flash the  
bright hues of his fancy—  
Grandly the thought rides the words, as a good  
horseman his steed.  
Now clear, pure, hard, bright, and one by one,  
like to hailstones,  
Short words fall from his lips fast as the first  
of a shower—  
Now in a twofold column, Spondee, Jamb, and  
Trochee,  
Unbroke, firm set, advance, retreat, trampling  
along—  
Now with a sprightlier springiness, bounding in  
triplicate syllables,  
Dance the elastic Dactyls in musical cadences  
on,  
Now their voluminous coil, intertangling like  
huge anacondas,  
Roll overwhelmingly onward the sesquipedalian  
words.  
Flexile and free in thy gait, and simple in all  
thy construction,  
Yielding to every turn, thou bearest thy rider  
along;  
Now like our hackney or draught-horse serving  
our commonest uses,  
Now bearing grandly the Poet Pegasus-like to  
the sky.  
Thou art not prisoned in fixed rules, thou art  
no slave to a grammar,  
Thou art an eagle uncaged, scorning the perch  
and the chain.  
Hadst thou been fettered and formalized, thou  
hadst been tamer and weaker:  
How could the poor slave walk with thy grand  
freedom of gait?  
Let then grammarians rail, and let foreigners  
sigh for thy sign-posts,  
Wandering lost in thy maze, thy wilds of mag-  
nificent growth,  
Call thee incongruous, wild, of rule and of rea-  
son defiant;  
I, in thy wildness, a grand freedom of character  
find.  
So, with irregular outline, tower up the sky-  
piercing mountains,  
Bearing o'er yawning chasms lofty precipitous  
steeps,  
Spreading o'er ledges unclimbable, meadows and  
slopes of green smoothness,  
Bearing the flowers in their clefts, losing their  
peaks in the clouds.

Therefore it is that I praise thee, and never can  
cease from rejoicing,  
Thinking that good stout English is mine and  
my ancestors' tongue.  
Give me its varying music, the flow of its free  
modulation—  
I will not covet the full roll of the glorious  
Greek,  
Luscious and feeble Italian, Latin so formal and  
stately,  
French with its nasal lisp, nor German inverted  
and harsh.  
Not while our organ can speak with its many  
and wonderful voices—  
Play on the soft flute of love, blow the loud  
trumpet of war,  
Sing with the high sequialtro, or, drawing its  
full diapason,  
Shake all the air with the grand storm of its  
pedals and stops.

— *Poems by W. W. Story.*

### LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG.

An old ballad, printed in 1569, on a broad-  
side, in black letter. No name was attached to  
it. There is a great deal of true poetry in it.

Love me little, love me long,  
Is the burden of my song;  
Love that is too hot and strong  
Burneth soon to waste:  
Still I would not have thee cold,  
Not too backward or too bold;  
Love that lasteth till 'tis old  
Fadeth not in haste.  
Love me little, love me long,  
Is the burden of my song.

If thou lovest me too much  
It will not prove as true a touch;  
Love me little, more than such,  
For I fear the end:  
I am with little well content,  
And a little from thee sent  
Is enough with true intent,  
To be steadfast, friend.  
Love me little, love me long, etc.

Constant love is moderate ever,  
And it will through life persevere,  
Give me that with true endeavor,

I will it restore:  
A suit of durance let it be,  
For all the weathers that for me,  
For the land or for the sea,  
Lasting evermore.  
Love me little, love me long, etc.

Winter's cold or summer's heat,  
Autumn's tempest on it beat,  
It can never know defeat,

Never can rebel:  
Such the love that I would gain,  
Such the love, I tell thee plain,  
Thou must give or wove in vain;  
So to thee farewell.  
Love me little, love me long, etc.

### THE SEASHORE.

The wide sea stretches beneath the sky,  
In the golden light of day,  
And the wild waves come with their snowy plumes,  
That glitter, and glance, and play;  
And on they come, and on they come,  
With the lofty pomp of power,  
To scatter their beauty on shiny weeds,  
And die on the briny shore.

The wild waves glitter and glance and play,  
To break on the briny shore,  
But each is bearing its tribute on,  
To add to earth's bright store.  
Some may bring us the little shell,  
And some the store of gold,  
And some the sailor's shipwrecked form,  
All ghastly, and stern, and cold.  
And the wild waves murmur in sadness round,  
Or thunder with martial roar,  
As each rolls up with its given freight,  
And dies on the briny shore.

There's a wide, wide sea, a changing sea,  
The shadowy sea of life,  
Where the lofty billows rise and fall,  
In never-ceasing strife.  
And on, and on, and ever on,  
Pressed by resistless power,  
They bear their joy or their curse to earth,  
And die on the sandy shore.

And on they come, and on they come,  
Till night sweeps o'er the scene,  
And the dun clouds float o'er the gloomy sky,  
And the stars look out between—  
Till far away in the orient  
The sun comes forth in power,  
And the secret burdens lie all revealed  
Upon the briny shore.

### HUMAN LIFE.—BRYANT.

Slow pass our days  
In childhood, and the hours of light are long  
Betwixt the morn and eve; with swifter lapse  
They glide in manhood; and in age they fly  
Till days and seasons flit before the mind  
As flit the snow-flakes in a winter storm,  
Seen rather than distinguished. Ah! I seem  
As if I sat within a helpless bark  
By swiftly-running waters hurried on  
To shoot some mighty cliff. Along the banks,  
Grove after grove, rock after frowning rock,  
Bare sands and pleasant homes and flowery nooks,  
And isles and whirlpools in the stream appear,  
Each after each, but the devoted skiff  
Darts by so swiftly that their images  
Dwell not upon the mind, or only dwell  
In dim confusion; faster yet I sweep  
By other banks, and the great gulf is near.

Wisely, my son, while yet thy days are long,  
And this fair change of seasons passes slow,  
Gather and treasure all the good they yield—  
All that they teach of virtue, of pure thoughts  
And kind affections, reverence for thy God  
And for thy brethren; so, when thou shalt come  
Into these barren years, thou mayest not bring  
A mind unfurnished and a withered heart.

From The Nautical Magazine.

### THE SUEZ CANAL.

To cut through the Isthmus of Suez or Panama would be to open shorter and less dangerous routes for the navigator, to reduce the expense of trade, and to extend commerce by facilitating it; to increase the welfare and riches of all; to bring nations together, and thus to contribute the greatness of one to the civilization of another. Such is one of the undertakings reserved for the second half of this century, already so remarkable — an era which this great work alone would render celebrated.

Of the two projected canals, that of America and that of Suez, the importance is very different. The canal of Suez would unite India and Europe. It would reestablish the commerce and prosperity, the peace and advancement of Europe, Asia, and even Africa; in a word, of the whole of this hemisphere, the continental superficies of which, compared with that of the opposite, being in the proportion of 23 to 11. To Mr. Ferdinand de Lesseps was reserved the honor of attaching his name to this great enterprise, authorized and patronized by the Viceroy of Egypt, Mahommed Said.

If we compare the mean distances between the ports of Europe and India, by the Cape of Good Hope on the one hand and by the intended channel between the two seas on the other, we shall find an enormous difference in favor of this latter route. This difference will be still greater if we remember that a straight line on the chart of navigation is far from being the shortest distance from one port to another, and the seaman can only reach the point for which he is steering by following a certain number of successive courses, approaching as near as possible the arc of a great circle. Thus, far from making directly for the Cape of Good Hope, vessels leaving Europe or the Atlantic ports of North America, en route for India, must steer for the Canaries or Azores in order to find the trade winds of the Northern Hemisphere, to make the coast of Brazil and sight Cape Frio, or put into harbor at Rio Janeiro. This is generally the route for the Cape of Good Hope, more justly, perhaps, called the Cape of Storms. They then cross the Aguilhas Bank, reach Bourbon or Mauritius, and from thence steer for India, following the

routes allowed by the monsoons. Vessels in the Mediterranean again have to contend with still greater disadvantages. It often takes them fifteen days to reach the Straits of Gibraltar, westerly winds generally prevailing in this quarter, where we also find a rapid flow of the ocean waters in the Mediterranean. Thus the voyages to India take at least five months or five months and a half, the voyages home being rather more direct, without being sensibly shorter. Ships then run nearer to the African shore by reason of the trade winds of the Southern Hemisphere, the place of call in this case being St. Helena.

I have myself taken both these routes about ten years since. If we now examine the facilities for navigation in the three seas near the canal of Suez, namely, the Mediterranean, the Red Sea, and the Gulf of Oman, we find —

That in the Mediterranean the winds blow from the north during the greater part of the year, change to S. E. in the spring, and return to the north, passing by the W. and N. W.

That nearly the same takes place in the Red Sea, where the North, which is the prevailing wind, heaps the waters in the direction of Babelmandel, so that during a calm we observe a current setting northward, evidently arising from the elevated waters in the south endeavoring to recover their level. Southerly winds generally succeed a calm.

The Gulf of Oman has two monsoons — the N. E. monsoon, which generally continues during the winter; and S. W. monsoon, which lasts during the summer, and is frequently stormy. The change from one monsoon to the other is there, as elsewhere, accompanied by a series of storms and gales.

It appears to me from the foregoing, that it would be advantageous for vessels to proceed to India (by the canal) during the autumn, and to return by it in the spring.

The considerable reduction of the distance of European ports from those of India would not be the only advantage to trade from adopting the canal between the two seas; for not only would vessels reach their point of destination much sooner, but they would find places of anchorage throughout the entire route, and also, what is of more importance still, they would meet with good mar-

kets. The navigator, after having followed the usual easy routes of the Mediterranean, would dispose of part of his cargo in the canal of Suez or at Djedda, would purchase ivory at Massarva, Souaken, or Derbera, which he would exchange in India for opium to take to China in exchange for silk and tea. He would complete his home cargo in colonial merchandise from Manilla, the Isles of Sunda, and Ceylon, in cotton of India or Egypt, in coffee of Abyssinia or Yemen, the gum of Soudan or Hedjaz, the corn of Lower Egypt, or rice of Damietta, and these numerous operations, which now require years, would be accomplished rapidly and without danger with small capital and small vessels. In short, by reducing the time necessary for the operations of commerce we reduce the general expense. We make a greater number of the changes feasible in a given time, and facilitate them to small traders, who are by far the most numerous. By affording an easier and surer route to navigation, we find it may be accomplished by vessels of small tonnage, provided with bills of exchange; in short, it opens the route to India to coasting vessels, and renders commerce and navigation general. Turkey, Russia, Austria, Italy, and Southern Spain, might then fit out vessels for India, and these powers would find their maritime resources increase in immense proportion. Marseilles would become more important, and the ports on the ocean, Cadiz, Lisbon, Havre, Rotterdam, Hamburg, would increase their shipping, like England suddenly brought near its powerful colony, like Spain and Holland with respect to Manila and Batavia; in short, the increase of trade competition on the one hand, and the vast diminution of expense on the other, would doubtless tend to lessen the rates of exchange. The produce of Asia would abound in our markets; the Asiatic markets would, in their turn, be rich in ours; and the general good would be the necessary result.

All nations would take advantage of the importance of the trade with India, China, and the islands of the ocean. Trade with the Red Sea, although less considerable, deserves attention; but, as there is scarcely any carried on at present, it is very little known, and could only acquire importance by the opening of a canal between the two seas. The Red Sea, which is so near to us in a

straight line, becomes far distant when we have to double the Cape Babelmandel, is as far from us as Pondicherry, and Souaken as far as Batavia; Suez, farther still by this route, becomes as near as Beyrout by the canal; in short, the two routes measured from the Straits of Gibraltar to Souaken are in the proportion of one to five.

Very few European vessels are now met with in the Red Sea. Every year we see a few belonging to the Parsees of Bombay, and manned by Lascars. The internal trade of this sea is now carried on by Arabian barques, called dows or boutres, constructed at Suez, Djedda, Souaken, or Mocha, with wood from India to Singapore. These vessels are of a very small tonnage, are very sharp, and have a handsome sheer; a heavy poop, which hinders their working, and lowers it at the stern; they carry one mast, rigging a square sail; this sail and yard are struck to the foot when they lay-to; about 30 men are required to hoist it again, and this operation cannot be performed in less than half an hour. The tacking of these ships is as difficult as it is dangerous. The dows only sail in the daytime; they get under way about seven o'clock in the morning, sail till about four in sight of the coast, then anchor by a grappling iron, or run aground on the sand.

When they have to cross the Red Sea the Arabs take the precaution of sailing from a port to the windward of the one they are steering for, on the opposite coast; the voyage occupies sixty hours, and is always a time of great anxiety to the masters of these vessels. These masters, called nakhouda, (from a Persian word), pretend to take observations with astrolabes of great antiquity, although this pretension does not appear to me to be proved. I must add that we rarely find a compass on board these dows. The classic compass of the Arabs only consists of a needle, more or less magnetic, resting on a cork, which floats in some water, and hence we need not be astonished that one-fifth of the dows are lost every year.

The sailing of the dows is by no means good. I have myself passed forty-five days in two of these vessels; namely, fifteen days in going from Souaken to Djedda (about sixty nautical leagues), and thirty days in going from Djedda to Kessair (scarcely one hundred and thirty nautical



leagues). It is true that the wind was against us; and one-half of this time was employed in beating to windward, sometimes still less. There is a great difference between these dows and our vessels. Thus we

may suppose that the introduction of European vessels into the Red Sea by the canal of Suez would cause a complete revolution even in the internal commerce of this sea.

HOW JURIES USED TO LAY THEIR HEADS TOGETHER. — I have been assured by an excellent legal friend of mine, that it used to be the custom in one of our northern counties at the Quarter Sessions, when the chairman had summed up, for him to conclude his address to the jury with the advice given by Sydney Smith to the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, "to lay their heads together," with a view of producing the best and hardest pavement. I am told that no sooner were the words uttered from the bench, "Now, gentlemen, lay your heads together and consider your verdict," than down went every head in the box, and an official approached armed with a long wand. If any unlucky juror inadvertently raised his head, down came the stick upon his pate; and so they continued till the truth was struck out, in their *verdictum*, an excellent plan for expediting business.

I remember many years since witnessing a somewhat analogous case to this in the church at Dunchurch. I was an accidental attendant there, and an excellent sermon was preached; so good a one that I am reminded of a saying attributed to Chief Justice Tindal, who, speaking of a sermon that he had heard a long time before, said, "It was an excellent sermon I know; I only forgot all about it three weeks ago."

Notwithstanding this, the weather being very hot, there were several parties fast asleep in different parts of the church. A respectable looking man, who had very much the air of a church-warden, bearing a long stout wand with, I believe, a fork at the end of it, at intervals stepped stealthily up and down the nave and aisles of the church; and whenever he saw an individual whose senses were buried in oblivion, he touched him with his wand so effectually that the spell was broken, and in an instant he was recalled to all the realities of life. I watched as he mounted with wary step into the galleries: at the end of one of them there sat in the front seat a young man who had very much the appearance of a farmer, with his mouth open, and his eyes closed, a perfect picture of repose. The official marked him for his own, and having fitted his fork to the nape of his neck, he gave him such a push, that, had he not been used to such visitations, it would probably have produced an ejaculatory start highly inconvenient on such an occasion. But no, every one seemed quietly to acquiesce in the usage; and whatever else they might be dreaming of, they certainly did not dream of the infringement upon the liberties of the subject, nor did they think of applying for a summons on account of the assault.

I am quite aware that churchwardens are in these days very much in the habit of stirring

up the congregations, but not exactly in the way adopted at Dunchurch. Now, Sir, I am curious to know whether the custom still exists in that parish, or whether any of your correspondents have witnessed it practised elsewhere. — R. W. B. — *Notes and Queries*.

THE BONAPARTE FAMILY. — It is known that when Bonaparte had married the daughter of Francis of Austria, the latter took some pains in having researches made about the origin and lineage of the Bonaparte family. But Napoleon declined to take any notice of it, saying, "I am the Rudolph Habsburg of my family." Still, these documents have been partly published of late on the continent, and exhibit a most respectable appearance. Because, besides the known fact that the mother of one of the Popes was a Bonaparte, the pedigree branches off to Constantinople; and there is no doubt that the Bonapartes descended lineally from the Greek emperor. Amongst the numberless facts and data relating to the great Bonaparte, I do not recollect to have heard what was the coat of arms of the Corsican branch: and whether there had been any change in it when they had settled in Florence, or even sooner. In the coat of arms line, nothing is perhaps so interesting as the stone armorials which stood engraved on the house where Goethe was born at Frankfort: "a winged lyre, surrounded by stars." *Habent sua fata lapides.* — *Notes and Queries*.

ENTOMOLOGY. — Professor Agassiz says, that more than a lifetime would be necessary to enumerate the various species of insects and describe their appearance. Meiger, a German, collected and described 600 species of flies, which he collected in a district of ten miles circumference. There have been collected in Europe 20,000 species of insects preying on wheat. In Berlin two Professors are engaged collecting, observing, and describing insects and their habits, and already they have published five large volumes upon the insects which attack forest trees.

DID ARCHBISHOP CRANMER RECANT, IN THE PROPER SENSE OF THE TERM? — Can any of the numerous readers of "N. & Q." inform me whether any original document, or anything approximating thereto, exists touching Cranmer's subscription to his supposed "recantation?" or are we to refer for information solely to the mendacious tract published by Cawood in 1556, under the direction and superintendence of Bonner? E. C. HARRINGTON. — *Notes and Queries*.

## HAPPY PEOPLE.

From Titan.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A LORD OF THE CREATION."

I SUPPOSE it is natural (that is, humanly natural) that opinions should be at once so diversified and so generally inconsistent on the subject of happiness; for happiness is a thing that every one appears to judge of vicariously. How few, except children, experience it consciously, or recognize and acknowledge its presence with them. It seems to be an inevitable law with the majority of us, that you can no more see the peculiar good of your own estate, than you can see your own profile shadowed on the wall. You twist and turn to look at it, and in the very effort to behold, it is lost. But other people's profiles you can see, judge, and criticize. Other people's happiness you know all about; you look at it—wonder at it—envy it, perhaps. How is it that men and women are so rarely able to see the sunshine that falls on themselves? It is a curious problem in psychology.

Perhaps we are all too selfish to be accredited appraisers of our personalities; and although, as regards this particular one, our partiality takes the unusual direction of undervaluing what belongs to ourselves, the injustice is none the less. And the fatuousness of the judgment is as striking even as when you, my dear hard-featured friend, flatter yourself that the outline of your face is classical, and the turn of your head as noble as it is refined.

After all, it may be wiser to leave ourselves and our happiness alone. Egotism is the last thing that the human race needs teaching in these days. Therefore, without making "so much ado" about the bliss which falls to our own proper share, we might pursue our inquiries among our friends, our lovers, and acquaintance. Let us try to discover *who* are the happy, and wherein doth consist that intangible, impalpable mystery which constitutes their happiness.

Happiness! how often has our ideal changed within a little time! It varies, we find, with every turn of our own fate, circumstance, or feeling. Is it not so with you also? Did not *you*, when you were laid up with that lingering illness last year, look with a sort of wondering sigh on the bright-faced, hearty lad, with ragged jacket and bare, blue feet, who brought shrimps to sel-

every morning to the window of your seaside lodging? Did not you say in your heart, as you paid him his sixpence, and saw him march off with a step admirably firm and elastic, and a gait as untrammelled as it was quaintly grotesque,

"Ah, happy dog!"

This from *you*, most fastidious of Sybarites, who send back to your first-rate tailor the waistcoats that are half-an-inch too long or too short—who dismissed your valet because his shoes creaked, and parted with your horse when some two or three white hairs marred the perfect ebon of his glossy flanks! You who have waltzed with reigning belles at Almack's, and have flirted with *ravissante comtesses*, and *marchesas charmante à distraction*, at Paris, Rome, and Vienna! You who have drained pleasure out of every civilized corner of the world! You who, by virtue of wealth, position, and connection, tread the great places of the earth with imperial assurance and a kind of "monarch-of-all-I-survey" air! You who have been on friendly terms with princes, potentates, artists—the great and grand in almost all phases of greatness—you to at last come down to envy—a shrimp lad! I marvel at you. When you get well again, you will no doubt marvel at yourself (if you ever think at all of the time of your convalescence, and your friend the shrimp merchant), and you will retract, of course, before you go back again to the old whirl—the old wild hunt, which goes on incessantly, I am told, among persons of your class—hunting, not for happiness, certainly, even in name, but for amusement—excitement—something, or anything, that will stand in place of it. Do you know, I think you were a worthier individual when you envied Jack Baggs. Now you are returned to Mayfair, and the Ring, and Almack's, you never trouble yourself to wish for anything, except, perhaps, for soda-water, and that you may be hanged if the opera doesn't get more of a "baw" every season.

Probably you never stop to consider within yourself what it is you are living for. But you very often yawn during the morning hours, and, listlessly tapping your immaculate boot with a wonderful jewelled cane, "wonder how you shall get through the day." You find it tiresome that you have been to every place, and seen everything that you care to visit or to see. You lament that there are "no

more worlds to"—travel about. Sometimes, even, you get as far as an aspiration, "that there was something new to be done, that everything wasn't so worn out—so stale, flat, and unprofitable." And if any one asked you if you are happy, you would reply, with emphatic candor,

"Confound it, no!"

How odd! for you possess a considerable proportion of that "raw material" which even the most romantic of us admit to be more or less adequate, if not necessary, to constitute happiness. Consider. You are young—in the very bloom of a man's youth, which need not and should not be rubbed off much before thirty. You are strong and vigorous, when you choose to lead a healthful life. You have an average share of abilities, and believe that you have more. You are tolerably well-looking, and more than tolerably well satisfied with your looks. You have a loving mother and affectionate sisters down at the old house in the country, where you don't very often go. And in London you possess, O! what troops of admiring friends! Finally, you have three thousand a-year unincumbered property. How dare you not be happy?

Alas! you dare do all that should become a man, and discontent is as masculine an attribute as your hat, and, I must say, becomes you as well. Not that I intend to quarrel with it in this instance. I think you are like an oyster, and what is in itself a disease, is the one hopeful and valuable part of your being. If you were satisfied with your life, you would be in a still worse condition than you are. If you were "happy," you would be wretched indeed. But you have envied Jack Baggs, and there is a chance for you. After all, you may grow into something better than "Mr. Vavasour of the Albany."

Now there is your friend Wentworth, he who was your chum at Oxford; although he was a hard-working student in one of the large colleges, while you, a gentleman commoner in aristocratic Christ Church, dawdled your time in boating, racing, fencing, cricketing, and other devices with which well-born, wealthy young men season the sweets of knowledge, and add zest to the quiet attractions of Alma Mater. It is, however, a good trait in your character, that your friendship with Wentworth has hitherto been so steady and unbroken; seeing that he is as poor in

worldly gifts as you are rich, and that you move in widely different circles of society. Moreover, that he never neglects his own pursuits to chime in with your lazy employments, and, so far from flattering your vanity or courting your distinction, there is no one of your acquaintance who speaks to you with such candor, or behaves with such straightforward independence. Only the other day, you remember, he informed you, half-seriously, under the light laugh with which he spoke, that he wouldn't lead such a life as yours for—all the worlds one ever has to give, all the riches in Fortunatus' cap. "Although," he admitted, sighing, "I don't undervalue wealth, as you are aware. A little more of it would make me very happy."

You know he alluded to his long-delayed marriage. He has been engaged for several years, and to one as poor and prospectless, as young men who have every morsel of their own bread to earn generally contrive to fall in love with. What do you think of this for a trouble, an anxiety to keep life's sunshine from being too enervating? To see one you love better than your life, one whom every fibre of your nature is drawn to, with the instinct to cherish most tenderly, to protect most jealously—to see her constrained to fill a dependent position, while you are toiling, toiling, in what sometimes appears a hopeless endeavor to make a union prudent. To do you justice, you feel a great deal for your friend; you would fain render him service, if you could. But he is neither a soldier, to be lifted up by influence; nor a doctor, to be brought forward by "connection;" nor a barrister, to be helped to fame, or raised at once to independence, by a government appointment. When he renounced the church, for which he was educated, he took to tutorship and authorship—two "ships," alas! which rarely bring a wealthy freight to shore. He must make his own way, "with difficulty and labor hard." A rough way, a toilsome way, stones under foot, and oftentimes darkness over head. But he will reach the goal sooner or later; there is little to fear for him.

Meanwhile, spite of labor, difficulty, and trial, do you know a man with whom you would sooner change places, when you come to reflect seriously on the subject? Do you know a man, in the whole circle of your acquaintance, who so often or so nearly

trenches on the domain of happiness? What a serene face is his, when, the labor of the day over, he unbends to the enjoyment of the simple pleasures that are such delights to him. He appears to have in perfection the art of doing morally what clever chemists perform materially, when, from mean, and sometimes even noxious elements, they distil essences most fragrant. He is obliged to live near London, though all his sympathies, his dearest associations, his most cherished memories, are in and with the wild, beautiful, far-away country, where his childhood was passed, where was always his home till of late years, and where he first knew Lucy. Yet he contrives to glean good even in his quiet suburban lodging. When he first went there, fields stretched away in front of his windows, and a green lane wound at the right towards emerald meadows and wooded slopes — a fair landscape — even though within a walk of Cheapside. How he exulted in it! What poetry he saw in the very fact that all this quiet beauty was so near the stir, and smoke, and turmoil of great London. But when builders came, and Prospect Place filled up one of the precious meadows, and blocked out the widest view, and Victoria Crescent shut up the side glimpse of wood and field, when the Albert Tavern arose, glittering with gilt letters, at the corner, and omnibuses began to run from the turnpike, two minutes' walk from the door, then Mr. Wentworth took comfort in the three tall elm-trees that were still left in front of the house, and began to find that it is perhaps better to have such a simple suggestion of nature, than a more detailed manifestation of her presence, when you have a gas-lamp five doors off, and you hear the omnibus men shouting, "Bank, 'Obun — Reg'nt Cire's!" every half-hour. And the elm trees, he says, mark the seasons with a sweet graciousness to him — a beautiful loyalty to poor deposed nature — as though they were denizens of a forest where she still reigned supreme. In the spring, he can watch the tender life gathering, and growing, and perfecting into the summer leafage; then, in autumn, they glow into gold, and fade into brown — and fall, fall, fall, with the wailing October winds, till they are left bare and black — the branches traced finely against the cold winter sky —

"As I love to see them," he says regularly every December.

Only three times within the last two years has he been with Lucy; but I think it is likely that many men in their whole span of life do not taste a greater amount of pure and beautiful happiness than these two, who love one another so perfectly, crowd into their brief festivals. Once it was at Brighton; he went down for a week, while the family with whom she lives was staying there. You would have thought it a very unmeet place for such a celebration — a crowded, fashionable, glittering watering-place, with shops, and grand houses, and grand people all about — to see the meeting of the twelve-months' separated lovers. But when he came back, he remembered nothing — he had evidently seen nothing of the many things that, to him especially, would have been most distasteful and annoying. Of the shore, and the cliffs, and the downs, he discoursed eloquently; of the bright weather, the endless variety of aspect under which he — *they* had watched their beloved sea. Ah! what a happy time it had been! And when other people sigh over the remembrance of past happiness, he is more apt to suddenly keep silence, while a light comes into his face — a visible thanksgiving, very beautiful to see.

Then his faith in the future is at least as vital and steady as his gratitude for the past. He knows — at least he *trusts* (which is better than knowing, he says) — that he and Lucy will be married one day; that one day they will be able to make their nest somewhere, like the birds, in some pleasant tree, with green branches all round, and the sky shining through.

Meanwhile, though he waits, he does not despond. He attains more than serenity in his quick sympathies with all human interests, his keen appreciation of beauty, his love of flowers and sunshine, music and pictures (moving pictures, as well as those fixed to canvas), his sensitive perception of the good and true in all that is before him — whether people in the streets, flowers in the fields, or clouds in the sky. In all this — his heritage from nature, of which his own true heart recognizes the value — Wentworth unconsciously finds, and ever will find, a happiness that you, poor Dudley Vavasour, vainly look for half over the world, with three thousand a-year, "position," connection — all appliances and means to boot.

Truly we may well ask, who are the



happy! One-twentieth part of these said appliances, which are all impotent to give ease or contentment to him who possesses so much, would, how often! remove the sharpest thorn from the path of those who tread their hard way unaided, only drawing gladness from the wealth of their own hearts. Thank God for that wealth of the heart! His justice and even-handed wisdom even our finite vision can perceive, sometimes.

Who are happy? Not they who, to our eyes, possess most means of happiness.

Not Mrs. Courtly, who married for love, with the unusual appendage of plenty of money, and the thorough approbation of her friends, and who is cited by every one as an example of "a fortunate woman indeed." Fortunate she may be — happy she is not — as I have known her ever since I spent three days with her at her Richmond villa. She has so many pleasures, she has no time to be pleased. All those things that to most people are enjoyments, are to her only soporifics. It needs strong wine indeed to exhilarate her. She is clearly not a denizen of this *terra incognita* — this happy land.

Neither is pretty Laura Haverill — the belle of her circle — the idol of her family — the universally admired and flattered Corinne of half-a-hundred evening parties. How many good gifts have fallen to her share? — beauty, talent, affluence, and love — love as common to her as daylight, and, alas! as little thought of. Yet she is fretful, fastidious, *blasé* of the very blessings fate showers upon her. Her days seem to pass in an alternation of excitement and reaction. She is now in a whirl of gayety — anon plunged in the stagnant, unprofitable slough of ennui. What is it she needs, to convert her *matériel* into that mysterious, impalpable thing whereof we speak? I am not prepared to say. I do not pretend to tell *why* it is that these people, who appear to possess most of the means, appear farthest from the end: why they who receive most blessings are oftentimes least blessed. I only declare; I cannot profess to explain.

Very likely you would smile (yet I think it would be in a sad sort), if you knew the whole life-history of the woman that always occurs to me as the truest example of happiness I have ever known. But you shall see her.

She was already middle-aged when I first

knew her. I heard she was once eminently attractive in look and manner — as, indeed, such a sweet simple nature and clear intellect as she possessed would make any woman. But, at the time I saw her, all this was seen through the cloud left by severe suffering, both of mind and body, such as she had known almost continuously during the past ten years. Hers was a nature that lavished its love as summer clouds the rain — it fell noiselessly, abundantly, in simple, unquestioning delight of giving. In her earliest womanhood, a younger sister was the recipient of all this wealth of tenderness and care. The sister married — went abroad — almost forgot her, or remembered her only in a way that was perhaps bitterer than oblivion. Then, Anna loved, in the woman's great sense of loving, one who was to her the model of all manliness, nobility, and greatness. Within a few weeks of the time that they last spent together, when he, by every eloquence of look and tone, had persuaded her of his love while winning hers, he married a rich woman, old, unloveable, and foolish. Anna lost not only her love, but her ideal. The beautiful fabric of her life's dearest dream was shattered into a million pieces, and the very fragments were of dross.

After that her health failed, and, all her relations being either far away, or indifferent to her fate, she went through the bitterness, worse than that of death, of a long illness in a hired home, attended by paid nurses; cared for at so much a-week. When she recovered, one or two of her kinder-hearted friends took her to stay with them for a time. It was on one of these occasions that I first met her. I remember what an impression I received from the sight of her cheerful face, that kindled anew with every new pleasure. And how many pleasures she had, and how intensely she enjoyed them! I did not know her history then, and I thought to myself how fairly apportioned must be the blessings of life, since she, who was poor and still suffering, evidently possessed compensating good gifts sufficient to make her happiness. I was right: but I did not know all. The good gifts were hers indeed, but they were of another and less tangible kind than I thought.

She very seldom spoke of herself, as may be supposed. Nothing can be more incompatible with the sort of unconscious, praiseful thanksgiving which was her daily life,

than the morbid self-analysis, the continuous, ever-flowing under-current of egotism that seems to be one of the prevalent diseases of these days. But once or twice she became unwontedly retrospective, and fragments of her Past came out unawares. And the depth of feeling she involuntarily betrayed showed me very clearly that the peace she knew was not that of indifference, and that the joys which yet blossomed about her had their root in sorrows greater and sufferings keener than most of those about her guessed.

She had all a woman's passionate necessity of loving, but very little of its usual more selfish complement of the necessity of being loved. Thus, her love showed itself in and towards a thousand things that by no possibility could yield her return. Birds, and flowers, and music, books, pictures, shells—such things as these, that other people admire and are content, she seemed rather to love; so fond, and grateful, and tender was her appreciation of their beauty. I have seen her radiant with a sort of tremulous delight in hearing of some lovely trait of character, or in watching little children at their play, or in gazing at some exquisite bit of scenery. Sunshine was brightness to her, clouds were pictures, the wind was music. The air came to her most balmily, the breeze most freshly. She was attuned to Nature, somehow, so that all her variations were made musical; and even that which to other people would produce discord was only harmony with her.

She had faults undoubtedly; but I cannot think of them now. They were very visible to herself as well as to others. They did not make her miserable or despondent, but rather vitalized her energies for herself, and made her charity for others wider and warmer than in any other person I ever knew.

It was curious to hear her sometimes discussing, in her gentle way, with her hostess, a lady with an adoring husband, fair children, an ample fortune, and other minor advantages. This lady's views of life were gloomy—of humanity, condemnatory even to hopelessness.

"It makes me perfectly sick at heart to hear of such people. O dear! how much villainess and deceit exist in the world. Wick- edness, crime, sin, meet us on every hand. Isn't it terrible!"

"Nay," would be Anna's reply, "I do

not believe in the villainess of the world, nor in the utter depravity of mankind. Human nature must be very dear to the God who watches over its salvation. We have no right to cast out whom He receives."

"O, of course, religiously speaking," the lady would admit.

It was one wide difference between Anna's speaking and most other people's, that, though rarely religious in language, it was always so in spirit.

Dear Anna! I left her very bright, with her health renewed into its usual strength, and her heart as blithe and grateful as a skylark's song. When I next saw her, it was under a new load of pain and trial. A violent cold had settled on her limbs, and deprived her for many months of the power of walking. I found her confined to a sofa, in a suburban lodging, her window looking out over the trim road and opposite houses, with their little green gardens in front. But the aspect was south, and she was eloquent over the warmth and brightness of her domicile.

"This room is so cosy, and the people of the house are very considerate. And my friends here are so kind, and come to see me, and sit with me, and write me long letters when they are away. You see my suffering and helplessness bring out everybody's goodness. I feel quite glad and grateful, not only for my own sake, when old Mrs. Cross, who is so disliked, comes and brings me books and fruit; and Mr. Seamore, whom people call avaricious and selfish, sends his carriage to take me a drive, as he has done several times."

Soon after this a new hope brightened her life. Her youngest brother wrote to her from India, to say he was coming to England; that he longed for a home, and looked to her to share in and superintend it when he should arrive.

"I shall have a real home, with my brother, my very own brother; my own home! O, how good, how dear a blessing, no one can tell!"

But I could guess, seeing her tears of passionate rejoicing, how sad had been the gap that now promised to be filled up.

Well, the happiness of anticipation she had, and enjoyed to the uttermost. The gladness of fulfilment never was hers. Her brother died on his passage home. By his

death, moreover, a portion of her slender income devolved away from her. She was so poor, now, that she had to eke out her means of livelihood by working at her needle.

"But *that* is a blessing. To be obliged to work makes the time of my forced imprisonment pass more quickly. There is an added interest given to the work, you see, that only necessity could supply. It must be bad for me, if I had time to think too much of my brother. O, my dear brother Francis, we were little children together!"

Her external fortitude broke down at the mention of her brother.

"It seemed so very sad and desolate at first. I had hoped and yearned so much. For a little while I felt quite heartbroken, like a chidden child. But then came the peace God sends to his chidden children. It is so comforting to feel that, when trouble is with us, God is with us too."

Not long after, I saw Anna once again.

She lay very quiet, and calm, and pale, on her white bed. Strong in her love, undoubting in her faith, she was waiting for death.

"Dear, don't you grieve; there is no pain left now; and I have been thinking so happily. It is strange, my mother died while I was a little child, but I can remember her face now quite well. . . . How good every one is to me! I love you all very much, but not half enough. Nay, don't cry. Think how happy I have been, how happy I am, even though—Ah, thank God for all!"

And when I looked on her an hour after, when her face shone with that wonderful shining that never comes till the earthly light is gone, and there has come on the mortal shell the passionless, emotionless, far-removed stillness of death, I, too, could say, "Thank God for all!" and think, as I turned again to the outer, living world of sunshine, sound, and movement,—

"Truly, she is happy."

LEGAL TIMES OF WORK, MEALS, AND SLEEP FOR ARTIFICERS IN THE REIGN OF HENRY VIII. —The following may interest some of your readers. I copy it from a small and very old black-letter tract, printed by "Robert Wyer for Rycharde Bankes," without date, entitled:

"The Ordynal or Statut, concernynge Artifycers, Seruauntes, and Labourers, newly pryned with dyuers other thing thereunto added."

"Item. It is enacted by ye sayd statute made in the vi yere of kyng Henry the viii., the iii. chapytre, that euery artifycer and labourer shal be at his worke betwene the myddes of Marche and the myddes of Septembre before fyue of the clocke in the mornyng, and that he shall haue but halfe an houre for his brekefast, and an houre and an halfe for his dyner at such tyme as he hath to slepe by the statute, and when he hath no season to hym appoynted to slepe, then he shall haue but one houre for his dyner, and halfe an houre for his noone meate, and that he departe not from his worke tyll betwene vii. and viii. of the clocke at nyght.

"And that from the myddes of Septembre to the myddes of Marche, euery artifycer and labourer to be at their worke in the spryngynge of the daye, and departe not tyll nyght.

"And yf that any of the sayde Artifycers or labourers do offende in any of these Artycles, that then theyre defaultes to be marked by hym or his deputy that shall paye theyr wages, and at the wekes ende theyr wages to be abated after the rate.

"And that the sayde artifycers and labourers shall not slepe in the day, but onely from the myddest of Maye vnto the myddest of August."

Robert Wyer and Richard Bankes were printers and publishers who flourished circa 1530. I fancy *The Ordynal*, above mentioned, has escaped the notice of Dibdin, as it is not to be found in the list he gives of the works executed by Wyer and by Bankes. *The Ordynal* must have been published between 1530 and 1540. — *Notes and Queries*.

PRICES OF SCULPTURE. — The best sculptors in Paris — such, for instance, as Baron Frigetty — receive, on an average, four thousand dollars for statues ten feet high. But the ablest sculptors in Italy receive much less than this sum. The statues recently erected in Florence, to the memory of the illustrious men of Tuscany, sixteen or eighteen in number, cost something over one thousand dollars each, most of them executed by men who rank higher in this department of art than Mr. Powers. It is not pretended that this sum adequately rewards their talents, but they accept such commissions to further the patriotic objects of their Government. Mr. Powers himself gives a guide by which to estimate the price of a single statue, in his several copies of the Greek slave, which he has sold at three thousand dollars each. Give his workmen an additional thousand dollars, and they will execute the slave ten feet high, the sculptor having no extra labor to perform.

From The Athenæum.

*Unpublished Letters of Voltaire*—[*Lettres Inédites, &c.*]. Collected by M. de Cayrol; with Annotations by M. Alph. François, and a Preface by M. Saint-Marc Girardin, of the French Academy. Paris, Didier & Co.

WHETHER the appearance of a thousand letters by Voltaire, purporting to be now published for the first time, will attract new interest to "the old invalid of Ferney" it is not for us to predict. His name and fame, without being altogether forgotten, have been of late less appealed to in the worlds of politics, poetry, and philosophy than is fair, considering what their influence was—recollecting, too, that it is the boast of our age to give its due to every greatness past and present. This "occultation" may partly be attributed to the non-existence of any satisfactory and complete biography,—partly to the volume and the variety of the author's writings,—partly to the absorbing interest of the events that followed his decease; but it may partly, too, be ascribed to the peculiar genius of the man. The first-mentioned disqualifications apply in equal force to Rousseau; yet there is hardly a modern French author, serious or sentimental, of any pretension, in whose pages direct reference will not be found to the writer of the "Confessions" and the "New Heloise." Not many will question which of the two was the better—the more genuine—man; but the world is not always constant to reality, as contrasted with seeming. There is nothing so cheap, nothing so self-flattering, as sympathy with sentimentalism. In the worship of wit, there is always something of deprecation, something of fear. We hate to fancy the lightning searching out our own secrets in proportion as we admire and recognize its brightness; forgetting that such search is often the mere instinct of a subtle and active element, in no wise implying cruel or malignant intention. The popular imputation of want of feeling brought against the sarcastic is as indiscriminating and unfair as is the popular credit for faith, purpose, and constancy, open at the service of every one professing amiability with the required fervor and unction. The name of "mockers" can be given to a man of lively spirits by any dull person, whom the slightest artifice might have hoodwinked, whom the palest pretence of virtue might

have charmed into affectionate reverence. But let the name have been once affixed, and a century may pass ere the shocked and alienated world shall begin to ask by whom it was bestowed—how far it was merited. With Time, however, false accusations, like other poisons, lose something of their venom. When Horace Walpole wrote, "With all the divinity of Wit, it goes out of fashion like a farthingale," he forgot, perhaps, that divinity implies immortality; at all events, he failed to add, "but the farthingale may come into fashion again." In going through these Letters—without being blind to the egotism, audacity, vanity, and inconsistency shown by their writer—we have anew been struck with the impression that Voltaire's errors and offences were on the surface, and therefore visible,—not from any humor on his part to make himself interesting by confession, so much as because he had the impatience and petulance of a child;—because he could hide nothing, and must pass from mood to mood with a rapidity which men less sincere would have concealed under the fear of being arraigned for frivolity. We have been anew visited by a fancy that the day for a grave, yet liberal, appreciation of the Author of "The Henriade," and "Candide," and "Zaire"—of the advocate of the family Calas—of the attached and grateful friend of the Argentals and Falkener is yet to come; and that such day may bring brightness, not blackness, to Voltaire's reputation.

The history of these new Letters is stated by M. François as follows:—"They were collected," he says, "during twenty years by a distinguished man of science, M. de Cayrol." . . . The majority "come from the papers of La Harpe, of Falkener, of Ruault the secretary of Condorcet, of Talma, of Renouard the publisher,—from the collection of the late Beuchot, which his son-in-law, M. Barbier, the librarian of the Louvre, has kindly consented to open to us," and from other sources. A few—some twenty—letters have been already published in different periodicals; but they are now, for the first time, arranged as part of the collected correspondence.

That correspondence begins as early as the year 1718; and accordingly ranges over a period of sixty years,—winding up with a few of the notes in which the sick man of



Ferney, during his last short visit to Paris, played with his death-symptoms, when ex-cusing himself to his friends, or consulting his physician. The first epistles are addressed to Madame de Bernières, in whose house, according to the fashion of *beaux esprits*, Voltaire was domesticated for some years before his visit to England. With this Lady's protection the philosopher in embryo, who was one day to help to shake the throne and to overset the altar, seems to have been engaged in "jobbing" for a fortune as actively as any of the unlucky folk who now-a-days haunt the *Bourse* of Paris. These are deservedly hunted by public opinion as a set of gamblers. In Voltaire's young days the gambling was still more degrading; because then, in order to gamble, it was necessary to creep up the back-stairs of some great man, who could put the small one into some good speculation; and the great man's ante-chamber was mostly to be reached by the indirect intervention of the great man's *Ariadne*. Female influence—or rather let us say feminine intrigue—was never so powerful, so prevalent, as then. Thus, while the inconsistency can escape no one, it may be pleaded that it was the *miasma* of the corrupt period in which Voltaire was born, which so far tainted one who agitated for truth, and struck home for liberty, that he could be found bowing in verse (as *Sir Charles Grandison* might have done) over the hand of the

"Sincère et tendre Pompadour,"

and at a later period, obsequiously putting the watch-manufactory, which he fostered at Ferney, under the patronage of a lower *Aspasia*, Madame Du Barry.—To return, it was Madame de Bernières, to whom Voltaire wrote in April, 1726, to borrow her post-chaise for his forced journey out of France, when he was set free from the Bastille. Perhaps, by that time, their sentiments had somewhat cooled; for the letter which requests the loan closes with a hope that its writer may once more, while he lives, have the opportunity of assuring *La Présidente* "of his real and respectful attachment."—The epistle which follows it, dated from Calais in May, and addressed to one of the profligate De Tencin sisters, Madame de Ferriol, is written in warmer language. In explanation of the allusions

which it contains, the reader may be reminded that Madame de Tencin,—already marked out by not a few scandals as the most unscrupulous of intriguing women,—was shut up in the Bastille in consequence of the suicide of one of her lovers, La Frenaye, who shot himself in her house, and left behind him a letter, laying his death at the heartless woman's door. The "fair Circassian" referred to is Mademoiselle Aisse, the purchased slave of Madame de Ferriol's brother-in-law, whose well-known love-romance, with the Chevalier d'Aydie as its *Romeo*, is among the saddest of the many sad stories of French society in the eighteenth century:

"To Madame de Ferriol.

"CALAIS, May 6, 1726.

"Will you not have, Madame, some command to give for Monsieur or for Madame de B\*\*\*\*? I wait at Calais, in the hope that you will deign to charge me with some commission. I am here in the house of M. Dunoquet; and by the reception which he gives me, I feel that he thinks you honor me with a little friendship. The first thing that I do in this place is to write to you. It is a duty of which my heart most relieve itself. Your benefits to me are as great as my misfortunes, and are even more vividly felt by me. You have been always constant in the kindness which I have received from you; and I assure you that you are the person in France whom I regret the most. Had I been able to live as I choose, I should assuredly have passed my life in your court; but my destiny is to be unfortunate, and consequently far from you. Permit me to greet and to embrace M. de Pont de Veyle and M. d'Argental. Have the goodness to assure Madame de Tencin that one of my greatest sorrows in the Bastille was to know that she was there. We were like Pyramus and Thisbe; there was but a wall to separate us, but we did not kiss through the crevice of the partition. As to you, the nymph of Circassia and \* \* \*. I swear that were there in France only three other such persons, I should hang myself in despair at having to leave the country," &c. &c.

For a philosopher in embryo, the above, it will be owned, is warm enough. Verily, those who in their riper years raved as fiercely as the *Encyclopédistes* raved against sycophancy, corruption, and courtiership, did not do so without having been well prepared in the subject by experience. Let us turn to something healthier, and more honest.

Our next extracts begin some seven years later, when Voltaire had returned to France. By that time, the lender of the post-chaise and the fascinating Madame de Ferriol were forgotten for the brilliant Madame du Châtelet, of whose household Voltaire formed a part. In the following passages a story is revealed which shows Voltaire, not without his weakness, but with much of his kindness. Here he writes to bespeak the favor of M. Monerif, secretary of the Count de Clermont, and author of some dramatic works, for a literary aspirant who had been presented to him by M. Cideville, his old schoolfellow, and a literary *dilettante*, who wrote pleasant verses. The young *Abbé* introduced was to be trained into becoming a maker of tragedies.

"Were I not bewitched (*lutiné*) by my dismal morning 'larum,—diabolical stomach pains,—I should have come to you, dear friend, to present to you M. l'Abbé de Linant, a friend of M. de Formont's, who is worthy to become yours also. He is a young man on whom nature has bestowed so many merits that she has fancied that, being thus gifted, he could entirely do without fortune. Whatever be the object to which he devotes himself, he must begin by knowing some such man as you are: he will be one more excellent *connoisseur* able to appreciate all that you are worth, both as to heart and as to intellect. I think to do him a good service in addressing him to you; and I am sure you won't take it ill on my part."

Can letter be more persuasive than the above? The next mention of the *Abbé* is in a *minor* key (as the musicians say), to be found in a letter addressed to M. de Formont, the *Abbé's* original protector.

"As to our Linant,—he has written a scene a couple of years ago, which scene is not worth a —. I am much afraid that he mistakes taste for talent,—and further, I am even less contented with him than I am with his scene. I can't conceive what he has fancied in coming to live with me;—here he is, exactly as if he were a son of mine, and it costs me a good deal. Yet he has complained to three or four persons that he has not enough for his amusements. Gentlemen, you have spoiled him:—he thinks himself above his condition, before he has raised himself out of it. He thinks that it is to honor his merits that I have brought him to my house, while he is totally useless to me, and has no idea that it has been purely out of consideration to yourself

and to M. de Cideville. He eats, sleeps, and sets off white with powder to the orchestra (stalls) of the *Comédie*. This is the life he leads. His idleness and his ill-placed pride make him very unhappy; it would have been much better for him to have been clerk to a lawyer, but he is totally incapable of business. Add to this, the ingratitude with which he repays me, and it is for you to call him to account. M. de Cideville writes to him as if he was writing to an intimate friend, to a person of consideration and established in the world. These sort of seductions ruin him. For my part I speak to him about nothing. My counsels would have the air of reproaches,—'t is for you and for M. de Cideville to remonstrate with him."

The above bears a curious resemblance to other letters which the annals of literary patronage contain,—such, for instance, as the later correspondence betwixt Horace Walpole and Bentley. Among the letters of the following year, 1735, we find the story continued. In one and the same letter to M. de Formont, Voltaire, after complimenting that gentleman on the agreeable work which he has been reading and re-perusing with Emilie (Madame de Châtelet) and Linant, he falls anew into the tone of complaint concerning their *protégé*. Speaking of the progress which he himself is making in his "Louis Quatorze":

"If Linant was another man [writes Voltaire] he might assist me in my labors. He would make extracts, he would read with me; but the poor man perspires when he has to write a couple of words. He writes like a woman who writes ill; and does not even know orthography. *I have made him a teacher in dread of his dying of hunger*, there being no other resource for other people and for himself."

The italics in the above paraphrase are ours. But Voltaire's elastic notions of assisting those whom he had taken up were not confined to making a teacher out of a man not only incapable of writing a play, but even of spelling. In 1736 we find him writing to M. Prault, his publisher, as follows.

"I owe you money, but in place of giving it to you I propose that you shall spend it. Find out M. Linant; you will hear of him at one Demoulin's, in the old Rue du Temple, opposite the d'Argenson Court. He has made a tragedy which should have success. Give him fifty francs for me, and I

will repay you if he does not when his piece is printed."

Two years later occurs a last notice of the subject, in a letter addressed by Voltaire to one of his "*anges*," M. le Comte d'Argental.

"Have you read Linant's '*Almeide*?' Is anything to be done with the man, and with his work? Do you advise me to go on assisting him?"

The tragedy, re-baptized "*Alzaide*," was represented, a foot-note informs us, in 1745, without success.—To us the above literary episode reveals in its few lines a character: the active kindness, the occasional fickleness, the impatience for result, and the irresistible sharpness of tongue which distinguished Voltaire in greater and graver transactions of his life.

Among the curious matters in the first volume of this correspondence, foremost stand the letters written in English by Voltaire to Falkener, the English friend to whom "*Zaire*" was dedicated, in whose house the French wit had been domesticated whilst he was in England. That this hospitality was affectionately remembered so long as life lasted, the following lively specimen of Voltaire's accomplishments in writing English will serve to show. Ere citing it the reader may be apprised (or reminded) that the friend to whom they were addressed held successively a diplomatic appointment at Constantinople, and a private secretaryship to the Duke of Cumberland, in 1745. The letter is dated March, 1740.

"Dear sir,—I take the liberty to send you my old follies, having no new things to present you with. I am now at Bruxelles with the same lady, madame Du Châtelet, who hindered me some years ago from paying you a visit at Constantinople, and whom I shall live with in all probability the greatest part of my life, since for these ten years I have not departed from her. She is now, at the trouble of a damn'd suit in law, that she pursues at Bruxelles. We have abandoned the most agreeable retirement in the country to bawl here in the grotto of the femish *chicane*. The high dutch baron who takes upon himself to present you with this packet of French reveries, is one of the noble *players* whom the emperor sends into Turkey to represent the majesty of the Roman empire, before the Highness of the Musulman power. I am persuaded you are become, now-a-days, a perfect Turk; you speak no

doubt their language very well, and you keep, to be sure, a pretty *harem*. Yet I am afraid you want two provisions or ingredients which I think necessary to make that *nauseous draught of life go down*, I mean books and friends. Should you be happy enough to have met at Pera with men whose conversation agrees with your way of thinking? If so, you want for nothing; for you enjoy health, honors and fortune. Health and places I have not: I regret the former, I am satisfied without the other. As to fortune, I enjoy a very competent one, and I have a friend besides. Thus I reckon myself happy, though I am sickly as you saw me at Wandsworth. I hope I shall return to Paris with madame Du Châtelet in two years time. If, about that season, you return to dear England by the way of Paris, I hope I shall have the pleasure to see your dear Excellency at her house, which is without doubt one of the finest at Paris, and situated in a position worthy of Constantinople; for it looks upon the river, and a long tract of land interspers'd with pretty houses, is to be seen from every window. Upon my word, I would, with all that, prefer the *vista* of the sea of Marmora before that of the Seine, and I would pass some months with you at Constantinople, if I could live without that lady, whom I look upon as a great man, and as a most solid and respectable friend. She understands Newton; she despises superstition, and in short, she makes me happy. I have received, this week, two summons from a french man who intends to travel to Constantinople. He would fain intice me to that pleasant journey. But since you could not, nobody can. Farewell, my dear friend, whom I will love and honor all my life time, farewell. Tell me how you fare; tell me you are happy; I am so, if you continue to be so. Yours forever! VOLTAIRE.

"A Bruxelles, rue de la Grosse-Tour."

The entire series of Falkener letters is in the same warm-hearted and kindly strain, and quaint English. Eleven years later, when Voltaire's home in France was broken up by the sudden death of Madame du Châtelet, and he had accepted the King of Prussia's invitation, we find him writing from Potsdam to his English friend rapturously regarding the delights of his sojourn with his Royal host, and anxiously bespeaking Falkener's good offices with the London booksellers in disposal of an English edition of his "*Age of Louis the Fourteenth*." But a subsequent letter, dated January, 1753, throws new light on the issue both of

the friendship and of the literary speculation :

" Dear sir, — I have reaped benefit enough, since I have pleased you, and not displeased your nation. I return you my most tender thanks. I hope to come over myself, in order to print my true works, and to be buried in the land of freedom. I require no subscription ; I desire no benefit. If my works are neatly printed, and cheaply sold, I am satisfied. You must know, my dear sir, that a dispute upon a point of mathematics has raised a scandalous noise between M. Maupertuis, president of the Prussian Academy, and professor Koenig. All the philosophers of Europe were for Koenig, and all the world cried out against the ill usage he met with from Maupertuis. But the king of Prussia took the part of the president, and wrote against Koenig's abettors a pamphlet, wherein his Majesty calls them rogues, scurrilous and infamous writers, halfwitted and madmen. In the mean time Maupertuis published a singular book of philosophy. The author proposes to build a latin town: to lengthen out human life to four hundred years, by laying men asleep: to go to the antarctic pole, and there to dissect the brain of giants, in order to know the nature of the soul, &c. &c. The book in [is?] full of such nonsense ; but the author had the good sense to calumniate me to the king. His Majesty, one day, according to his good will and pleasure, ordered at his breakfast that his hangman should burn a little banter I had wrote upon the noble discoveries of Maupertuis. The rest of the story is contained in the little paper I send you, which I entreat you to have inserted in your newspapers. If I live and if I am free, I will cross the sea to thank you, my dear friend.

" Your for ever, VOLTAIRE.

" P.S. Pray, keep my letter secret."

The winter of 1754 found the French philosopher weary, to use the royal figure, of being "squeezed like an orange," and, to use his own more homely metaphor, of "washing the dirty linen" of the Royal Author. After shaking from his feet the dust of the pomps and philosophies of Potsdam, we shall next meet Voltaire in Switzerland; thenceforward, by the adroit exercise of his powers, to pique and interest new people, by his fidelity to old friends, and by the large views which he took of distant events as they passed, making his retreat at Ferney a redoubtable shrine. The same self-engrossed, childish, vain, eager man, is everywhere to be traced in these Letters, —

whether they show him lashing himself up into a passion against printers and pirates, or play-managers (in Paris), who spoiled his dramas and opera-books, — or complimenting his actors and actresses, — or thanking M. Paris-Duvernay, the great financier, in most flowery phrases, for a benefaction of tulips to his garden, — or bespeaking the same gentleman's favor in behalf of some candidate for *l'Ecole Militaire*, — or interceding with M. le Marquis de Voyer, the French King's Master of the Horse, in favor of a breeding establishment, on the prosperity of which he had set his heart. The wit and epigram-writer could not be hidden even when he was bending himself practically to things more solemn than wit or epigram. Voltaire's aforesaid letter to the Master of the Horse could not be concluded without a *capriole*. After having propounded his request, —

" Further, sir, [writes the petitioner,] to make me respected by all the grooms and by all the washerwomen in the district of Gex, I should wish, with your good pleasure, to assume the pompous title of director or lieutenant of the breeding stables, to the whole extent of three or four leagues. A Portuguese Jesuit missionary narrates, that to a mandarin at Macao, who had asked him, what man was that who had just been speaking to him so boldly? — the Jesuit replied, 'Tis he who has the honor to shoe the horses of the Emperor of Portugal — the king of kings,' — on this the mandarin made obeisance."

Here is part of an epistle sufficiently lively as a specimen of invective, in which the guest and playfellow of the King of Prussia shows that the meanness of recrimination is not wholly confined to high places when patron and philosopher fall out. The date is 1760. —

" My divine angel — [writes Voltaire to M. le Comte d'Argental, on a volume of verse, published by Frederic the Great,] — I have recognized at least five hundred of my children in this royal family of Prussia. \* \* It must be confessed that it is a pity that a king so philosophical, so learned, so good as a general, should be a perfidious friend, an ungrateful heart, a bad relation, a bad master, a detestable neighbor, a faithless ally, — a man born for the misfortune of the human race, who writes on morals with false understanding, and who acts from a gangrened heart. I have taught him, at least, how to write. You know how he has recompensed me."



The epistle continues in the same strain ; but the above passage will suffice. To match it in bitterness of diatribe, we may take a few lines from another letter, dated 1766, in which Voltaire finishes off another contemporary celebrity.

"You know J. J. Rousseau — he is fit to associate himself in England with D'Eon and Vergy. It is true that in England there are no galleys ; but the English have islands, and are possessors of the great country of Canada, where the gentleman in question would not figure badly among the Hurons."

It is impossible to omit taking note of vivacities like the above, in giving some account of the temper and the topics of this collection of Letters. The honey, however, will be found to be in far larger proportion than the gall. The reader will be more pleasantly impressed by communications to divers Italian authors and men of science — to artists, to personages able to protect Voltaire in his generous homage to Corneille (shown in the edition of that dramatist's works undertaken for the benefit of his descendants). That his favor and interest were perpetually claimed by the luckless and unfortunate, even when he was resident far from the seat of favor, this collection proves abundantly. Among other persons who have added to it is Madame Dudevant, whose grandmother, Madame Dupin, will be found addressing "the bard of Fontenoi," in 1768, as "a daughter of Maréchal de Saxe, in want of bread," and praying him to use his influence to get her a pension. To the Lady's dramatic and heartbreaking request, the champion selected by her replied in no less sublime a vein.

"Madame [wrote Voltaire], I shall go presently to join the hero, your father, and will inform him with indignation of the state in which his daughter is to be found. It is one of the misfortunes which oppresses my old age to perceive that the daughter of the hero of France cannot be happy in France."

Surely the above as an example of sympathy in the style of "the Grand Cyrus" is hardly to be matched, save perhaps by the following compliment to a Lady :

"Madame, my age of upwards of eighty years and a long illness are my excuse for thanking you so late, and not writing with my own hand. If you are an Italian, Tasso must have been your master ; Addison, if you are an Englishwoman. I was dying

when M. Bourgeois brought me your present, and I could not have the pleasure of seeing him. All that I can do is to address my thanks to your publisher. He has printed a tragedy which is worth more than mine ; I should be full of jealousy, were I not full of gratitude. Are you an Englishwoman who has travelled in Italy, or an Italian who is established at London ? Whichever you be, the genius of Shakspeare and the elegance of Addison have inspired you."

That the above may be appreciated in all the fulness of its courtesy, we may remind the reader that in nothing was Voltaire more sensitive than in any matter involving dramatic reputation or rivalry. This is abundantly illustrated from the beginning to the end of this correspondence : throughout which Voltaire's anxieties on the subject appear almost as prominently as if the intention of the collectors had been mainly to illustrate his connection with the stage of France. There are letters to Le Kain, and to Mdle. Clairon, to Mdle. Quinault and to Mdle. Fel, — others to Rameau, to M. de Laborde, the Farmer-General who would write poor operas, — and to M. le Chevalier de L'Isle concerning the music of Gluck. This, let us note, was received at Ferney with suspicion because Madame du Deffand had passed a bad verdict on it : — it was warmly admired, however, in spite of so dread an authority. Most of these letters refer to Voltaire's own plays, which seem to have given him the usual solicitude which the most towardly dramatic children cost their parents. Being absent from Paris during a large portion of his life, Voltaire was unable to superintend the production of his tragedies. He seems to have written them hastily, but to have hatched and watched them from a distance with an eagerness equally irritable and impotent. To exemplify : he will be found writing in 1755 to M. le Duc de Richelieu concerning his "Orphelin de la Chine," — desiring to dedicate that strained and absurd play to the nobleman in question. Not receiving an answer to a first request to this effect, he became importunate, as follows :

"You have never acquainted me, my hero, if you have received the little packet addressed to you. You have despised the homage of my *magots* : their noses and their ears have been broken at your theatre, —

scenes, names, verses have been changed, — everything has been massacred, except so far as Mdlle. Clairon was concerned. They gave the part of the beloved husband to a worthy, aged seventy-four, who has no more teeth than I. Le Kain was not heard, and he is ill fitted for dumb parts. It is evident that you care no more for plays, from the manner in which things go."

The more eccentric the play, the more eagerly seems the dramatist to have fought for his brain-child. One letter shows him in a fume concerning liberties taken with "Les Lois de Minos," — others in a fever of dread lest the interest of another more savage subject should be anticipated.

"I learn, by the way [he says, writing to M. le Comte d'Argental in 1766], that it is not on my behalf really that they are heating the oven. They are busying themselves over William Tell's apple and the *capitolade* of a heart which the Lady of Vergy was made to eat. I know that these barbarisms are to come out before my pastoral. I shall then do what they pretend the Cardinal de Bernis said to the Cardinal de Fleury — 'I shall wait.'"

The comicality of the above passage will be only felt in all its fulness by those who turn to Voltaire's "Pastoral," as he called "Les Scythes," — postponed to Lemierre's "Guillaume Tell" — and who read its dedication. This letter, addressed to *Elochivis* (anagram of the name of the Duc de Choiseul) and to *Nalrisp* (the Duc de Praslin), sets forth how a good old man in Persia, once on a time, had, by his virtue, raised up against himself violent enemies in Babylon, "half-a-dozen tatterdemalions, who never ceased barking at his heels, who imputed to him the greatest stupidities and the most impertinent books, and whom he allowed to bark, and to scratch, and to calumniate him." How many curious symptoms of "the fever of vain longing" and vexation does the Library of Dramatic Prefaces furnish! but few more curious than the above petulant published prelude, set against the protestation of patience and indifference expressed in the private letter. To pursue the subject a step or two further, — a reference to the affected and feeble drama itself will afford as fine an illustration of the blindness of parents to the deficiencies of their children as the annals of authorship furnish. It seems to us little wonderful that

the tragedy of "Les Scythes," when it came out, was attacked by sarcasm coarser than its author's defence. In those days, the masquerades of the *Grand Opéra* furnished an arena, in which living characters and events were served up. One night, "Ernelinde," a Scandinavian opera, by M. Philidor, the musical chess-player, was burlesqued by a group of characters who figured in the crowd; another, "Aline" — another well-known opera — was travestied by a figure, dressed in front as the *Queen of Golconda*, and behind as a *Provençal* milk-woman, having both faces scored over with notes of music. Again, says the authority we are quoting, the masqueraders would have a hit at the tragedy of "Les Scythes," given by Voltaire at the *Comédiédie Française*. The mask who parodied this was mounted on high stilts, and, as one of these was shorter than the other, the tragedy limped. She met, by chance, the Theatre, and said, "Here I am, my dear; congratulate my author, who made me in only twelve days." — "Then go back to him," replied the mask who personated the Theatre, "and beg of him very humbly, on our part, to employ twelve months in correcting you."

We have spoken of the chance there is of Time setting to rights the reputation of Voltaire; but we hardly conceive any oscillation of the pendulum giving him a final place among the first dramatic writers of France, — even supposing "Zaire," "Mariamne," "Semiramis," "Tancrede," "Merope," are set in pompous array on the stage as so many witnesses to his creative force and genius. This may arise from that eclecticism of style which (if we recollect right) was first acutely pointed out by Lady Morgan, when, in one of her works on France, she was discussing the strife betwixt Classicism and Romanticism. The artificial limits of place and parlance and stage usage, within which Corneille managed grandly to manœuvre his heroes and heroines — whether Greek, Roman, or Spanish — were not sufferable to one so mercurial in his spirits as Voltaire, and in some of his tastes so capriciously in advance of his time. He encouraged the Clairons and Le Kains, who swept the tragic stage, to rid themselves of hoop, *perruque*, and *tonnelet*, and to assume the dress of the periods and persons dramatized; he was anxiously solicitous that

his "*Zaire, vous pleurez!*" (see his second dedicatory letter addressed to Falkener) should break the pomp of the scene with the electrical suddenness of a touch of nature; but he was too French (not too fearless) thoroughly to carry out his experiments, or fairly to emancipate Drama from the tram-melling formalities in which he nevertheless felt he could not move contentedly. And hence, his dramas are virtually as dry and as unreal as those of the elder French dramatists, with greater exaggeration and less completeness. There is no mixing up a Versailles *parterre* and an English garden. The

"bush, with frizzled hair implicit,"

which was calculated to nod to a brother bush, on the opposite side of the terrace, would look ridiculous were it matched by a weeping willow, whereas properly paired it keeps its own artificial state and character. So it is with literature. If we are to have *Tempes* and *Arcadys* we must have them with all their paraphernalia and surroundings, and not as modernized to suit the waning paganism of a sceptical century.

There are still many other topics, many other bright and clever passages, worth bringing forward from these Letters, though the entire collection (let the reader be reminded) can be considered but as supplementary and second-rate in reference to and comparison with the correspondence long since published. Should we not return to them we can hardly take leave of the book better than by showing how pleasantly the octogenarian of Ferney could play with the dis-

abilities of time and place, when writing, in 1773, to M. de Chenevrières:

"My old friend, we are very sensible, Madame Denis and myself, of your remembrance. Above all, I am flattered that you still cultivate letters; they will render your retreat all the more agreeable. But you have, over me, two great advantages: — the first is health; the second, nearness to Paris, — you are within reach of all the pleasures that I have long given up. You have, doubtless, your box at the Opera, we have only ours at the comic opera near Geneva; — you can see the pictures at the *salon*, we have scarcely a solitary dauber; — you have seen the beautiful bridge at Neuilly (then just built), we have only two old bridges of rotten planking; — you have a most brilliant neighborhood, we can boast no society of the kind; — finally, you can still make verses, and I cannot. I don't know if you are beginning to be gray: I shall presently be eighty. You are well: I have been at Death's door. You congratulate me on the return of my health, and I am as ill as I was, and a little blind, a little deaf, and very feeble into the bargain; say what they please, I am as like an ill-preserved Egyptian mummy as one drop of water is to another. The conclusion from all this is, that you are very generous to send me verses from your kingdom of Chenevrières to my Alpine solitude. I can thank you for your benefits, but not return them."

We cannot but be reminded, by so neat a statement of pain and penalty, of the country saying in England, which declares that a light-hearted person has "red cheeks in his coffin." But enough, — at least, for the present.

**BURIAL PLACE OF THE MUSSULMANS.** — Along the side of the road are the burial places of the Mussulmans; for they, like the ancient Greeks, always bury by or near the highways. Those of the common people are mounds of earth covering the whole length of the body, with a small square column at the head, about three feet high; and another, not more than eighteen inches, at the feet: those of superior rank have mausoleums, decorated in proportion to the wealth or munificence of the family. It is a custom with the women of the family to attend these tombs of their friends, or nearest and most valued relations, after sunset: and it is both affecting and curious to see them proceeding in groups, carrying lamps in their hands, which they place at the head of the tomb: the effect, considered in a picturesque light, is highly beautiful with that of sentiment it is delightful. — *Hodges' Travels in India.*

**NEW INSTRUMENT FOR SURVEYING.** — An ingeniously constructed instrument has just been invented, which will materially lessen the labor of land surveying. Its operation is based on the familiar trigonometrical principle that when the length of the base of a right-angled triangle is given, the adjacent angle formed by the hypotenuse serves to determine the length of the perpendicular. The instrument comprises two telescopes separated at specific distances on a table, one stationary relatively to the table, the other movable on a pivot in a line which forms a right angle to the stationary one, so that it may be brought to bear upon the same point. Here then is the value of the apparatus — the movable telescope has attached to it an index moving over a graduated scale of distances on the table, which upon being brought to the same point as the stationary glass, indicates on the scale the distance of the point.

## THE HUMAN HEART.

BY HON. MRS. NORTON.

Thou hast been call'd to God, rebellious heart,  
By many an awful and neglected sign,  
By many a joy which came and did depart,  
Mocking thy weeping, frail worm that thou art,  
For that thou didst not fear to call them thine.

Thou hast been call'd, when o'er thy trembling  
head

The storm in all its fury hath swept by;  
When the loud ocean rose within its bed,  
And whelm'd, with greedy roar, the struggling  
dead,

Who never more may greet thine anxious eye.

Thou hast been call'd, when, beautiful and  
bright,

The calm still sunshine round about thee lay;  
And, in thine ecstasy, thy spirit's flight  
Hath soared unto those realms of life and light,  
Where thy God's presence beams eternal day.

Thou hast been call'd when thou hast rais'd to  
heaven

Thy suppliant hands, in vain and passionate  
grief;

When some young blessing, which thy God had  
given,

The chains of mortal flesh and clay hath riven,  
And faded from thee like an autumn leaf!

Thou hast been call'd when by some early grave  
Thou stoodest, yearning for what might not be,  
Moaning above thy beautiful and brave,  
And murmuring against the God that gave,  
Because he claim'd his gift again from thee!

Thou hast been call'd, when the proud organ's  
peal

Hath thrill'd thy heart with its majestic sound;  
Taught each strung fibre quiv'ringly to feel,  
Bid the dim teardrop from thy lashes steal,  
And the loud passionate sob break silence round.

Yes, oft hast thou been call'd! and often now  
The "still small voice" doth whisper thee of  
God;

Bidding thee smooth thy dark and sullen brow,  
And from thy lip the prayer repentant flow;  
Which may not rise unheard to His abode.

Yet empty is thy place amid the choirs  
Of God's young angels, in their peace and love;  
Vainly with zeal thy soul a moment fires,  
Since, clinging still to earth and earth's desires,  
Thou lovest sight of things which are above.

O hear it, sinner! hear that warning voice  
Which vainly yet hath struck thy harden'd ear:  
Hear it, while lingering death allows the choice,  
And the glad troops of angels may rejoice  
Over the sinner's warm, repentant tear!

Lest, when thy struggling soul would quit the  
frame

Which bound it here, by sin and passion toss'd,

The Saviour's voice shall wake despairing  
shame, —

"How often have I sought thee, to reclaim! —  
How often — but thou wouldst not — and art  
lost!"

## THE DIAMOND WEDDING.

(AN ANCIENT FESTIVAL IN HOLLAND.)

WHEN the flying hours bring smiling round  
The bridal day again,

And the tenth glad year the lives has crowned  
Of the happy wedded twain, —

When the mirthful wiles and the careless glee  
Of the girl are laid aside,

And the noblest crown of womanhood —

The mother's matron pride —

Has decked the blushing bride;

And sweet young love, with its joys and woes,

Like the sun and showers of April time,

Has melted to the calm repose

Of June's delicious prime, —

When the swallows to their roof repair,

And children's smiles make sunshine there,

Gayly they name this bridal day; —

'Tis the *Silver* Wedding, then, they say.

When twice ten years and five are past,

And the bridal time comes round,

And joys still sweeter to the last

The happy pair have crowned;

Their children from their roof have gone,

Their brides they have seen,

And, it may be, children's children born

Keep the old vine's tendrils green.

Their life has reached its autumn time,

With its bright-hued stores, and its mellow rime,

And the sheaves of countless blessings lie

In the granaries of Memory,

And time like an affluent current seems

All glory-hued, as the placid streams

Which ripple and shine in the sunset's gold,

And freighted with argosies of old.

They keep again the festal day,

'Tis the *Golden* Wedding, then, they say.

But the rarest time of all comes last,

That bridal day anew,

When fifty years, ah me! are past,

The years which crown so few.

O, those bygone years! those memories sweet!

As their great-grandchildren now repeat

The sweet love-stories of long ago,

Long ago — in the far off Past,

Toward which their dimming eyes are cast,

And they turn away, with their footsteps slow,

Turn away to that brightening shore,

Which lies in its beauty just before;

O! rarest time; O! gem of all

The hours which ever to life may fall!

Well do they name this festal day,

'Tis the *Diamond* Wedding, then, they say.

E. G. R.

— *Journal of Commerce.*



## GREYSTONE HALL.

From Titan.

## CHAPTER I.

EARLY one autumn morning, I took my way from my humble seaside lodging, setting forth on a day's ramble. I shall not tell you where this retreat of mine is, or descant upon the thousand-and-one charms of its situation; I wish the little tenement to be still mine, *par excellence*, whenever I am inclined to inhabit it.

It was the embarrassment of wealth that made me pause, before I had gone many yards from my door, to decide in which direction I should turn my steps that day.

Summer was gone, certainly; but I never wail her departure.

As I watched the clouds, driven by a wild wind across a wild sky, and hearkened to the waves breaking and booming against the old gray crags far beneath, my spirits rose buoyantly. I opened the arms of my body and my soul to welcome my rough, true friend—Autumn.

Spring too often presents herself to me as a cruel yet irresistibly attractive coquette. She mocks at passions she rouses—cannot satisfy desires that she awakes; she hints mysteriously of gifts of knowledge, power, love, which she never bestows; she is exacting and retentive; lays heavy burdens on souls, and taunts their toiling, striving, groaning, as she skims along her lightsome way.

Summer finds me wearied out by spring's tyrannous sway. She gives me a drugged draught of honey-sweetness, and lays me away among her roses, bidding me believe that inaction is calm, indifferent languor peace.

I might sleep on, dream deeper and deeper, till my sleep should be that from which is no waking; but autumn comes, breaks summer's spells, repairs spring's mischief, and calls up what in me is kindred to its own strength. So hail to thee, O Autumn!

Something wierd in the wildness of this early morning reminded me of a deserted house I had often seen from a distance in my rambles, and meant to visit. I would go there now, I thought; so turned from the sea awhile towards the desolate hills and heaths.

There was something inexpressibly grand in the influence of these apparently bound-

less tracks of swelling and falling, heather-grown, greystone-sown moorland. I felt it to the full that morning, plunging on against the storm-wind, only guided by a vague idea of the direction in which lay the place of my destination; stopping now and then to turn and see how far behind I had left the ocean: to observe how sometimes it flashed beneath a watery gleam, sometimes lay a black mass beneath a cloud-horizon.

At last I grew slightly weary of long-continued battling with a wind that shouted in triumph, or shrieked in defeat, as I sunk deep in heather, or emerged to go on and on.

I was not sorry when the nature of the scene changed. I had cut across a pretty broad promontory, and now came upon a tiny, rocky bay. From this bay a narrow valley ran up, widening gradually, and at some miles from the water becoming woody and fertile-looking. A road wound along it, leading to a considerable town, where they consume the fish caught in this bay.

I descended the hill-side to the group of cottages, and asked of a woman whom I met toiling up the beach with a heavy load of fish, if any one lived at Greystone Hall. No one, she told me—at least, no one was known to live there; but people did tell of strange lights and sights about; but their folk were mostly feared to pass it by, and so there was no coming to the rights of it. It had the character of an uncanny place, then! I went on, more eagerly than before, pursuing the road through the valley for a couple of miles, then taking a branch-road to the left, that led me to the park-gates. The gates were locked; but between one of the carved pillars and the wall there was a gap, through which I easily entered, stumbling over a fallen and broken vase, moss-grown and half-buried in dead leaves.

An avenue of old beeches, yellowed, and fast baring, in whose tops the wind moaned dismally, led up to the house. Great gaunt branches battered its boarded-up windows. I prowled about, taking in the strange influence of the place, and seeking the whereabouts of a certain line, and clump of black trees, which I had always remarked when viewing the house from the hills round.

I sought lazily and dreamily, setting wild thoughts to wild music the while. I confess to having been much startled when, as I paused close to the west wing of the house, a

voice addressed me. Turning, I saw a small figure standing at the top of the terrace-steps — met two blue eyes, that questioned my right to be where I was. I had a name to give, that, for reasons best known to us two, placed me on friendly terms with the owner of those blue eyes, and we entered into conversation. The owner of those blue eyes — clear, calm, youthful eyes — was a woman upwards of sixty, whom I shall call Marg'ret.

For weeks, Greystone Hall was a haunt of mine; I grew acquainted, but not familiar, with its grand desolation, and bit by bit learned something of the history of its last inhabitants. On sunny autumn noons, I paced up and down the terrace for hours, dreaming over what I had heard from Marg'ret. When twilight fell, and the wind sighed sighingly, and the branches of the trees threw themselves about as if possessed, I sometimes too keenly felt — for past grief and excitement had left me with shattered nerves — that

“There are spirits in the air,  
And genii of the evening breeze,  
And gentle ghosts, with eyes as fair  
As star-beams among twilight trees.”

Too keenly, I say, because I was obliged to avoid excitement: my reason might then have given way, had I yielded myself to the experiencing of the soul-thrilling awe which even fancied communion with the spirit-world induces.

Marg'ret guided me to the entrance of the dark avenue I had been seeking. She called it the Black walk: well it might be so called. The cedars and yews on each side of it shut out all chance of any sunbeam penetrating into its dank dampness. It led to a pool, as appropriately called the black, round which the trees gathered even more densely; and rank, poisonous-looking weeds flourished. I especially noted the deadly night-shade. I shivered when I emerged from this damp, dismal place — was glad to sun myself in a short-lived gleam that lingered longer on the terrace than elsewhere.

There was much about this Black Pool and Black Walk in what I learned from Marg'ret concerning Greystone Hall. My sickly smile met no answering smile, when I observed, lightly, that, of course, such a place as that was haunted. I received only an evasive reply, which heightened my appe-

tite for the unwholesome food of a ghostly story, which I was sure Marg'ret could tell me. She stood looking over those black treetops, beyond, and far away, towards the western sky, down which the sun sloped rapidly. It was not that day that I heard anything of the story of the pool from Marg'ret; but I went home determined that I would hear it — and hear it I did on a subsequent occasion. This is how the Black Pool first fell into ill repute.

Before Marg'ret's time, a young master of Greystone Hall brought a fair bride home to the old house very late in the year. At Christmas there was to be a grand gathering of the scattered members of two very large families, and a merry festival it was expected to be. On the morning of the day before Christmas Day, the young husband rose early and looked out. Snow had been falling, softly, silently, all the night through; it had spread a white pall over all nature. This was a novel sight to the young master, who had been abroad for years, and had wooed and won his bride in a foreign land. A boyish longing to be out amid this white, deep-lying snow, seized him. Without awaking his wife, he left the house. The servants were idle under the loose government of young rulers; few of them were stirring; no one of them met his master.

The wife woke, little conscious that she had slept away her last hours of earthly peace and happiness. No one could tell her anything of her husband, for whom she inquired eagerly. Never mind! he was planning some pleasant surprise; but it was wrong of him to be so long. He was gone to the town, and some one detained him; but he ought to have told her. But his horse was safe in the stable, and he so seldom walked far. Wilder grew the wife's suppositions as the hours wore away wearily. Was the snow deep? could any one be lost in it? Only in the moor-hollows; nothing could have taken him there. They strove to re-assure her. She sent out messengers to the shore, to the town, to ride over the moors: daylight failed, and they delayed to return. It was Christmas Eve. All day guests had poured in; each new arrival distracting the poor child — she was very young — with fresh suggestions and attempts at consolation. Nothing could keep him much longer — he had walked to the

town — would return with this friend or the other. Meanwhile they dressed her for the evening dance, in her bridal-dress and wreath and veil, that she might be ready when he should come. She shivered and shook, and was as white as the Christmas snow. When no one saw, she stole out alone: she was well-nigh maddened by vague dread, and stole out into the cold and snow, to commence a vague search. The love-and-fear-quickened senses of that poor, white bride noted signs no other searcher had heeded. She followed the track of footprints, distinct from all the rest for her. It was a bright night, the stars shining in a crystal-clear, cold sky. She followed those footsteps down the little-used fir-walk to the pool (called Black from that time). . . . A shrill cry of sharp, sudden agony startled the expectant guests in the warm and lighted rooms; it blanched all cheeks. No wonder if those of a dark-faced watcher by the window — a cousin to the bridegroom, and, gossip said, a former lover of the bride's — showed an ashen pallor. It sent a thrill of horror through the busy servants, making them pause to gaze on each other aghast: ringing out clear on the frosty silence, it struck awe into travellers on the highway, and appalled the messengers riding into the courtyard, weary and benumbed, and bringing no tidings. It was a woman's cry! Where was the young wife?

There was but one opinion as to the spot from which the cry came. In a few moments a group of fear-stricken folk were gathered round the pool. A fragment of a white veil hung on a snag at the water's edge. Truly, it was a bridal-veil to which that fragment belonged!

Two bodies was found when the pool was dragged — the white wife lay by her pale husband on the death cold couch of snow at the pool's brink. The dark watcher by the window, a man even younger than the bridegroom, threw himself down at the bride's cold feet, in an agony of frantic grief, wildly calling upon her name. The two who lay dead before him were his nearest relatives. No one wondered at the passionate grief that settled into morbid melancholy; no one wondered that he hastened from the scene of this tragedy, when the doubly-wedded couple were laid in one grave, and for years was never heard of in

those parts. No one suspected foul play. The pool was known to be very deep; and the snow had drifted into a dangerous overhanging ridge; he had been heedless, and had fallen in. It was not till the death of an old, old crone who had laid out the bodies, that a whisper got about of there having been marks of violence on the dead man's throat. In the dim light and the horrified confusion no one had sought for or seen these. The woman's silence had been purchased, or some mistake made as to the import of her death-bed ravings. The heart-struck and bereaved cousin had kept the key of the door where the corpses lay, jealous of any eyes but his own on them. He was terrible in his grief, and people shrank from him.

This is how the Black Pool first came to be looked upon as an ill-omened place. At one time there was talk of having it filled up; but the country people shook their heads—it would be fruitless labor to try, for the pool was fathomless, was the general opinion; and, the house standing empty, there was no inducement to try, no one to bear the expense or to encourage the attempt.

## CHAPTER II.

I WAS sure that what I had heard was only an introductory chapter; for I had come to no ghost; and Marg'ret's eyes were as decidedly those of a "ghost-seer," as any dark unfathomable eyes Schiller might have chosen to describe; so I fancied, at all events. But she was not a person one would importune; and I paid several visits to Greystone Hall without hearing anything more at all connected and memorable.

After some days of illness, I made my way again to a place that had a fascination for me. I was hardly in plight for so long a walk; and Marg'ret, pitying my weariness, entertained me with an early cup of tea in her own room. It was a room that had been hers when the Hall was inhabited; she had kept it just as it used to be when she first came to live there, more than forty years ago. Marg'ret was more inclined to talk than usual on that day—I think partly because I looked as if I wanted amusing. I shall always set down good and gentle motives for everything that good creature did; she reminded me of one whom I had lost not so very long before.

When I went home that evening, I wrote down what Marg'ret had told me, as nearly as possible in her own words, which impressed me greatly. I shall copy now from that note-book. I asked how long the house remained empty after the sad event she had told me of some days ago.

"For many and many a year—ten full; for it belonged to Mr. Trelyllyn, that cousin of the drowned gentleman; and he would neither live in it nor let it."

"And, I suppose, during this time it began to be considered as a haunted place, and to have strange stories told about it?"

"Ay; many's the time I was frightened when I was a child by tales of what had been seen and heard about the Hall by people venturing home past it after nightfall."

"These were idle stories?"

"Mayhap: at all events, the fine old place was beginning to have a ruinous look about it; when we heard that Mr. Trelyllyn had married some time before, and his wife had taken a fancy to live at the Hall, and that her first child should be born there."

"Spite of its being haunted?"

"A pure, sweet spirit had the lady; she was too happy and too innocent to give heed to the stories that were told her. The Hall was put into grand order; and home came Mr. Trelyllyn and his lady. People talked about its being unlucky to bring her home to such a place; but, however it came about, she was devoted to her husband, and so cheery and pleasant, that the very sight of her made folk forget their croaking talk; when the babe came, and thrive, and when Christmas passed, and nobody saw anything of the Snow-Lady, whose cry, they said, had been heard, low in calm and loud in storm, ever since that Christmas Eve, ten years ago, almost everybody thought the ghost had gone; only a few shook their heads, and said, wait till the Christmas Eve, when the snow lies deep; there had been no snow that year."

"Were you living at the Hall?"

"I was. A proud girl it made me, when the mistress, who had known something of my mother, took me, young as I was, for her own maid."

Marg'ret paused.

"Well, how long did things go smoothly?"

"I'll tell you all; you shall believe or not, as you like. Next Christmas Eve drew on.

A son had been born to the master not many weeks before, and it was to be a right gay Christmas time; and I don't think anybody thought of the Snow-Lady. On Christmas Eve, some herbs were wanted in a hurry from a place in the garden where they were kept. My charge, Miss Clara, was asleep; and I offered to fetch the herbs. I threw my apron over my head, for it was bitter cold, and ran out over the snow. I got what was wanted, and, coming back, I glanced down the Fir Walk, as I passed the entrance to it. I stopped and looked again, throwing back my apron, and pushing my hair back from my eyes. Snow had been falling all day, but had stayed at sunset. I thought the wind must be rising, sweeping up the walk, swaying one snow-laden yew-bough after another; but there wasn't a breath stirring where I stood—a kind of frozen stillness was over everything. Ah! and it wasn't the wind came slowly up the walk! 'Twas the bride death took one Christmas Eve long ago—the Snow-Lady. All of a sudden the story flashed back upon my mind; a kind of awe crept over me, chilling me to the bone. She—it—came on and on, nearer and nearer, lifting her snow-white hands above her snow-crowned head; and I stood still and watched. It came close upon me, then I rushed to the house, not before the wild cry rang out, and seemed to stop the beating of my heart. In the hall I met my mistress; for I did not stop to go in the kitchen-way, but went straight by all the windows. She had heard. She looked as white as the Snow-Lady herself—her look frightened me more than all. "What was it?" she asked; and I told her. She looked like one death-stricken. She bade me not mind—I had not frightened her—she was not well, and something else had pained her that day. She put her hand to her heart, and I sprang to her, but too late; she fell down on the marble pavement, senseless. The library-door opened, and her husband came out, with a wild look on his face. 'Dead!' It was a tone I can never forget that added, 'Then I'm doubly, trebly a murderer!' He threw himself down beside her, calling her 'Eleanor! Eleanor!' and saying such words that my blood froze as I listened. I tried all I could to bring her to. After a bit she opened her eyes. She shuddered when they first met his—yes, I am



sure of that. Then she smiled, and tried to say to him what she had said to me—that it was nothing, only she was not well. Would we take her to bed? She felt herself death-struck. He took her in his arms, talking to her all the while, she trying to smile—my blessed lady! So they went up the broad stairs, which she never went down again, save in her coffin.”

“Do you think he had made a confession to her?”

“God only knows of what. But he had told her something, the hearing of which had killed her. All the while she had been ill up-stairs, he had been moody and moping so that the servants all feared to speak to him. He had continued in that way, shutting himself up, and not eating or drinking, and the mistress had been very unhappy about him; that evening he had sent for her into his study, just before I went out. She had come from him, and was just crossing the hall, when that harrowing cry rang out. I said nothing of what I had heard and seen; and there had been such noisy mirth in the kitchen, they did not hear. I would not have idle stories made about my sweet lady; so, all people knew was, that she was taken ill on Christmas Eve, and died early in the new year: that was enough to set them talking. I didn’t leave her; she wished to have me with her, and I stayed till the end. Such a death as hers couldn’t frighten even such a young thing as I was then, though there had been times, while she first lay ill, when her spirit seemed torn with agony. She seemed to put great trust in me; and I promised her never to leave her children while they needed me. She would have prevented my making that promise, but she had not strength to speak. When I had said the words, all the blood rushed from my heart and back again; for I remembered I was engaged to Roger Raines, the bailiff’s son: but I wouldn’t have recalled the promise for worlds, for my sweet mistress looked pleased and content. She lay in the south chamber: I’ll show it you one day. One afternoon she had her children brought in—Miss Clara and the baby—and she blessed them, and cried over them a great deal. When they were gone, she said she would sleep, and I know she prayed. I fancied she seemed a little stronger all day, and the master had ridden off to fetch an-

other doctor; and as I sat, almost stopping my breath, lest it should wake her, I felt hopeful-like about her. You see, then, I hadn’t the faintest thought of what her husband may have told her. As it neared sunset, the red beams slanting in touched her face. I went to her softly to screen them off; and found they might shine there as well as on the white marble figure they touched in their way, for any chance there was of their waking her: she was dead! My lips were put down on a brow as cold as the marble—ay, she was dead! lying there with the sunset-flush over all her sweet still face. It was long before I could believe it.

“We had none of us thought her so near her end. I didn’t think to tell any one, but stood there quiet with awe, watching the play of the red beams on the white face. It had just faded off, when I heard the clatter of hoofs in the court. It was her husband; and then I felt afraid.

“Many’s the passion of grief I’ve seen, many’s the storm of rage I’ve tried to quiet; but, an’ I live—as God grant I may *not*—twice the length of my past life, I’ll never forget that scene. O! the fury of terrible grief the husband poured over that still, unheeding form! It would have seemed less strange to me to see the life come back into the quiet body, than to see it lying there, deaf, dumb, and blind to all his ravings. You know some things are never forgotten; that sight was not to be. There was the raging man, mad in his grief, clasping and wildly caressing the pure, fair, passionless form, alternately wailing and raging, accusing himself and God. O! even now I do not like to recall that day!”

We neither of us spoke for awhile. Living so many years alone in such a place, with such memories, no wonder there was something peculiar in Marg’ret’s look. Sometimes her eyes, fixed on you, would seem to look through you to things beyond; sometimes their gaze seemed turned entirely inwards. She was always very gentle and womanly, and must, in her youth, have been very fair.

“And have you never married, Marg’ret?” I asked, wonderingly, following out my own thoughts.

“No, I have never married.”

Why not, I learned afterwards.

This lady's death closed the second act in the tragedy of Greystone Hall. The house was again deserted. Mr. Treylynn, as soon as spring came, took his children to a sister of his living in Italy. The children were both delicate, and the Hall was pronounced damp. Of course Marg'ret went too. She made no comment upon this deed of hers; but Roger Raines, the bailiff's son, whom I am sure she loved passing well, was not absent from my memory. Poor Roger! poor Marg'ret!

## CHAPTER III.

THE Hall was empty for fifteen years this time. Mr. Treylynn's little son and heir did not reach Italy, but died on the route. That was a great grief to Marg'ret.

Roger Raines lost his father and mother, and was very lonely. That, too, was a great grief to Marg'ret.

It was a glad day for Roger, faithful for more than twice seven years, when he received orders for great alterations at the Hall. Mr. Treylynn was coming home. His daughter had been recommended a more bracing climate.

Mr. Treylynn brought to England with him a nephew, his elder sister's son by an Italian husband. This Ugo Leopardi was a widower; and his little daughter Viola, and an Italian woman, her governess, accompanied him. Clara Treylynn, a very lovely girl, looked a most fair lily among the dark-hued household—a lily among thorns, that might rend and destroy her, Marg'ret considered her to be. Marg'ret, a woman of five-and-thirty then, watched this fair blossom most jealousy, for she had long suspected that Mr. Ugo loved his cousin after his dark fashion, and meant that she should be his little daughter's stepmother. This idea filled Marg'ret with indescribable horror.

The fair Clara herself was too young and gay to be troubled about such matters. If ever Mr. Ugo's eyes and mouth smiled honestly together, it was when he noticed the strong attachment subsisting between his cousin and his child.

And Mr. Treylynn? Was an old and careworn-looking man when he returned to Greystone Hall. He had never shown many signs of affection for his beautiful daughter; but Marg'ret noticed that his eyes often followed her about the room with a restless watchfulness after he returned to Greystone.

The family had come home to the Hall in early spring. The first Christmas time of the house being inhabited again passed quietly, without anything being heard of the Snow-Lady. There was no snow on the ground. Only Marg'ret and Roger, perhaps, thought of and dreaded her appearance. In fifteen years most of the stories about her had been forgotten; many of those who would have remembered them having left the neighborhood.

As time went on, Clara Treylynn had many admirers. Her loveliness, and her sweet, winning manners, attracted many who would otherwise have shunned the gloomy master of Greystone Hall, and gay parties of fair ladies and noble gentlemen made the old place bright and cheery.

Miss Treylynn's heart remained whole and free, and Marg'ret began to fear that, in the end, ignorant of love and wifely duty, she would marry her cousin; and she thought, too, that Mr. Ugo interpreted this indifference towards others in a way flattering to himself, for he grew exacting, somewhat insolent, in his manner towards her. When Miss Clara one day appealed to her father, half in jest half in earnest, against her cousin's tyranny, she was bidden to do what her cousin wished, with a face far too stern for the occasion. This greatly troubled wise and apprehensive Marg'ret. She was very glad when Lady Trevor came home from abroad, and came to stay at the Hall. Lady Trevor had been Mrs. Treylynn's most intimate friend. Her son and two daughters came to Greystone with her. This was early in the second summer of the residence of the family at the Hall.

The gallant bearing and fine frank face of young Sir Raymond Trevor inclined Marg'ret to look on him with favor, to hope that her young lady might do the same.

"Well I remember everything happening on that visit of the Trevors," Marg'ret said.

I turn to my note-book again.

"One evening, when they'd been here about a week, the weather being very fine and warm, Lady Trevor proposed that tea should be taken on the terrace. Miss Clara, and Sir Raymond, and the Misses Trevor were delighted at the idea.

"All that day, riding, or walking, or sitting, young Sir Raymond had tried in vain to get near Miss Clara. Mr. Ugo's

gloomy watching thwarted him at every turn. Now, as soon as ever his mother had made the proposal, he armed himself with two chairs, set them in a snug corner of the terrace, made my young lady take one, sat himself in the other, and looked across at Mr. Ugo with a good-natured-like kind of triumph. He didn't heed the dark scowl returned to him, but I did. Sitting at work at this window, or going about among them, waiting on my young lady, I saw all that went on, and heard most was said.

"Young Sir Raymond took Viola on his knee, and looked very happy sitting by Miss Clara. The child asked questions, and he drew the young lady on to talk, too—his own good face looking handsomer and handsomer as they grew more earnest in their talk. They didn't notice when the restless child slipped away. It was a soft, lovely evening; the gardens were full of flowers then, and the scent of them was thrown across the terrace by every puff of the wind. I mind that a young moon looked at the group, and then sank behind the wood, before anything disturbed the peace. Mr. Ugo could do nought worse than scowl, for Lady Trevor (a stately-sized lady) and the table on which the tea-things stood shut off Miss Clara and Sir Raymond from any one who did not creep under the table, as Viola presently did. Her restless spirit brought her back to them again, and she crouched on the ground between them, and found amusement in clasping and unclasping a bracelet on Miss Clara's pretty white arm. Presently she busily tried to make it encircle Sir Raymond's wrist. It wasn't big enough, and fell down upon the pavement. Sir Raymond picked it up, and tried to replace it on its owner's arm; but his hand somehow trembled as it touched that snowy, soft arm, and little Viola laughed aloud at his awkwardness.

"This was more than Mr. Ugo could bear. He pushed by Lady Trevor roughly. Stooping to lift up his little girl, he hissed some angry words into my young lady's ear, sent the poor child Viola to bed, crying bitterly, and insisted that it was cold, and the whole party must go in-doors. There was no more pleasure for two of the party that evening—not much during the rest of the time the Trevors stayed at Greystone."

"Well?" I said, impatiently, when Mar-

g'ret paused; "of course the young people had fallen deeply in love; of course somebody made them miserable; and of course—but pray go on in your own way."

"My young lady didn't seem the same after this. She often cried and often sat for hours doing nothing. She didn't care to play with Viola, and she avoided her cousin as much as possible. Lady Trevor, coming to call, frightened my master into consenting that she should go to stay a little while at Trevor Court, by telling him she thought her looking very ill. Sir Raymond was absent on a visit; still Miss Clara brightened at the thought of this change, and it happened that young Sir Raymond came home the day after our coming to Trevor Court. I liked him better than ever: he had such cheery ways, and such a good heart. So did my mistress."

My impatient "Well!" again broke in upon Marg'ret's meditations.

"In the midst of our happiness and gaiety" (Roger was not there, but Marg'ret identified herself with her young mistress), "we were called home. It was an unexpected command, but we should not have dared disobey. Sir Raymond looked fierce and angry when he saw how Miss Clara trembled at the idea of prolonging her visit one day—she thought her father was angry already, by the way he wrote. Merry Miss Edda Trevor did her best to cheer up the saddened party, by proposing that they should all ride home with my young lady. They might start then, in the cool of the September morning (it was a hot September, I mind), and return in the evening. So it was settled. Miss Clara and Sir Raymond stood ready in the portico, waiting for the young ladies, when our Hall carriage drove up, and Mr. Ugo jumped out.

"Poor Miss Clara was frightened at the hot words that passed between the two—Mr. Ugo insisting that the ride was too long for his cousin, and that she must return with him in the carriage. He used her father's name, and she felt obliged to obey; and then young Sir Raymond turned away, for the moment angry with her even; but that didn't last. When he bade her good-by, he said something that brought a bright color into the child's fair face, and made it wear a happy look in the homeward ride. I was in the carriage with my mistress.

Mr. Ugo was quiet and sullen, and only looked at her a great deal. Once she put her hand over her mouth suddenly, to hide a happy smile from him.

"Mr. Trelynn was out when we arrived at the Hall. Miss Clara shut herself up in her room."

"Next day, I suppose the young lover made his appearance?"

"Next day I sat here at work, thinking about my own future and my mistress'. That door you see there was open: it leads into the small drawing-room. Presently I heard Mr. Ugo and Miss Clara talking. I couldn't help hearing a little of what passed. Mr. Ugo was speaking angrily, and I heard Sir Raymond's name. My young lady answered very gently at first; but her cousin's insolent manner, which set me in a tremble of indignation, roused her spirit. She denied his right to interfere; dared and defied him, and said she would appeal to her father. She came through my room, and flew up to the master's."

"While I sat trembling with fear, I didn't know of what, a loud shriek from Viola startled me, and the child came and threw herself into my lap. When she was calmer, I learned that she had met her father in the hall, sprung upon him with some childish caress, and he had called her a harsh name, and struck her. The blow wasn't much, but the child's heart seemed bursting with passion. Before I could quiet her, her governess came in and snatched her away. That woman was always spying upon me and Miss Clara."

"After awhile I went to look for my young lady. I found her in her room, thrown on the floor by the window, her head laid upon the cushion. She didn't stir when I went in; she wasn't sobbing, and I didn't like her quiet. After hovering about a bit, I spoke to her. She lifted up her white face, and said, quite low, 'I hate him, Marg'ret; I will drown in the Black Pool before I marry him!' She startled me by her likeness to her mother as she spoke, looking at me with stony and tearless eyes. I tried to soften her by degrees, and get her to talk to me. I spoke of her mother. It was long 'fore she paid any heed. Then she looked up to heaven, clasped her hands, and cried, 'Mother! mother! help me, mother!' Floods of passionate tears came after that

cry. My heart felt as if it would break with sorrow for the poor lamb!"

"I do not know why I should make you go over all this," I said, when Marg'ret paused to wipe her eyes. I was moved from my relentless resolve to hear a story.

"It wasn't all sorrow I felt when my young lady by and by turned to me, crying, 'Marg'ret! Marg'ret!' as she had before cried 'Mother!' telling me I was the only friend she could look to in the wide world for counsel and comfort now. She told me what had passed between her and her father. He had not been unkind, had even seemed to pity her; but had told her that she must marry her cousin, and soon. At the recollection of his looks and manner, she seemed to go into a frenzy of wild despair. I was fairly frightened for her reason. It was hours and hours before she grew at all calmer. Then she fell into a feverish sleep, which lasted late on in the afternoon."

"When they were expecting her to dinner, I went down and said that my mistress was very ill, and that I was very uneasy about her, as I thought she would have a fever. Mr. Trelynn got up quick; but the Italian governess said that it was nothing, she knew—only the heat of the afternoon. She had a slight fever herself: Miss Trelynn was sleeping, and would wake up refreshed."

"I returned to my watching, determined to made the most of Miss Clara's illness to frighten her father; but there was no need. That night the whole household was startled by her delirious cries. Her father and Mr. Ugo both rode off for physicians—one in one direction, the other in another. \* \* For days we looked for her death."

"It was late autumn ere my young lady could walk on this terrace, leaning on my arm, again. The weather was very fair and mild, though."

"But hadn't anything come of her illness—no alteration for the better in her position?"

"None. Once, as her father watched her asleep after a fever-fit, I looked across her, straight into his face, and said, 'My young lady looks as her mother looked just before she died.' It was a cruel speech; but I had no compassion then, save for her. But when he muttered, 'O my God, another!' and turned and went away feebly, my heart reproached me. A little after I



went into his room hastily: the doctor wanted to speak to him. I found him pleading to his nephew, as if for life. Mr. Ugo looked darker, crueller than ever. From that time I pitied proud Mr. Trelynn."

"And did Miss Trelynn quite recover?"

"No; she continued as white as a lily. She could just creep about, and that was all. She was only dying a slower death than if she had died in the fever."

"And Sir Raymond?"

"He had ridden over every day while she was ill. I or Roger always managed to see him. When she was well enough to be down, she made me entreat him not to try and see her; and he didn't come again till one day when it happened that Mr. Trelynn and Mr. Ugo were away. They had started at daybreak, and the night before Mr. Trelynn had given his daughter a fervent kiss, that made the blood rush into her poor pale face from surprise. That was a very lovely day, and Miss Clara seemed a little more able to enjoy the sunshine as she walked on the terrace. The Italian governess had settled herself in a window overlooking it, and I knew she watched every step we took."

"Presently a horse clattered into the court. My mistress tottered, and sat down, turning from white to red in a moment, as Sir Raymond came out to where we were. The governess joined us almost immediately. Miss Clara had risen, and Sir Raymond drew her hand through his arm, and asked her could she walk a little way into the wood with him. She hesitated; but he said earnestly that he must speak to her alone. The governess made a thousand objections; but Sir Raymond said, wonderfully haughty for him, that Miss Trelynn was her own mistress. It ended in their going, Miss Clara bidding me follow with a shawl, that I had asked Sir Raymond to take for her."

"I took care not to interrupt them, poor things! and wandered about in the wood a good way off; but after awhile I came upon them unexpectedly, resting in a little glade where some felled trees were lying. Sir Raymond's arm was round Miss Clara, and she was nestled down close to him, weeping on his breast. Turning back quickly before they had seen me, I confronted the Italian governess. She smiled maliciously, and glided away. Mr. Ugo heard all when he came home next day. I knew he did, by the dreadful look in his eyes."

The ghost-seeing look came into Marg'ret's eyes. How rapidly twilight was closing in this afternoon! But I must hear the end of Marg'ret's story now, even if I had to endure the terrors of a dark walk home in consequence.

"I'll be as short as I can, for your sake and my own," Marg'ret said. "After that day winter set in fiercely. The wind wailed and moaned round the Hall as I had never heard it before: at night 'twas fearful to hear. The sky looked heavy with snow that delayed to fall. At this time Mr. Trelynn and Mr. Ugo seemed mutually to hate and suspect each other, and the Italian woman to watch them both. Young Sir Raymond kept away; but it was my young lady's entreaties, not the weather, that detained him, and my dear mistress didn't look unhappy. I suppose that the talk with Sir Raymond had eased her; and, too, there was a change in her father's manner that gave us both hope. Sometimes it was quite soft and tender to her; but he looked more melancholy than ever. The snow —"

Just then a gust of storm-wind shrieked past the window. Marg'ret paused, and we both looked out.

"You must go now, before it gets darker," she said, "for there'll be a fall of snow before long. If it comes on thick, right in your teeth, you'll find it difficult to make your way across the moors."

"But, Marg'ret, this is only the middle of October."

"We often have snow as early as this in these parts."

I saw it was no use to plead — Marg'ret looked resolute. She dismissed me with many cautions. I fought my way home in safety. A blinding sleet set in, but not till I was near my cottage. As my landlady brought in my tea that evening, she entertained me with anecdotes of people having been lost crossing the moors on such an evening as this. When I looked out at midnight, the whole country was whitened. The moon was struggling laboriously across the sky, casting eerie gleams upon the earth at intervals. That night I had strange dreams: the Black Pool and the Snow-Lady figured largely therein.

#### CHAPTER IV.

It was some time before I was able to get to Greystone Hall again. When I did go, it

was a farewell visit that I paid it; for winter drove me, and winter's work called me, away from that quiet retreat. I have strong presentiments that I have paid a final farewell to those scenes. Should these prove correct, upon application to my—friends, I was about to write, but they would be hard to find—man of business I will say, the name and address of that moorland cottage may be ascertained.

It was on a melancholy day that I crossed those moors last—a quiet day, on which the sun did not shine or the wind blow, yet on which *something* sobbed about fitfully—now a-far, now a-near. The country was still robed with snow.

Marg'ret received me kindly, and settled me by the fireside. She was sorry I was leaving, should miss my visits, and trusted to see me again next year, better and brighter. "We don't leave to grieve, you know," she added.

"Not even though we grieve to live—feel the 'burden of being' press more heavily upon us day by day. But the end of the story, Marg'ret!"

"Ay, the end of the story!" A meditative pause; then she began: "Mr. Trelynn had been looking so ill and sad, and Miss Clara was still so delicate, that we were all taken aback to hear that the house was to be full of company at Christmas time. It sounded like an ill omen, when an old woman who came to help, meeting the master on the stairs, remarked to him, with a courtesy, that the grand doings minded her of his cousin's time, and the gathering on the Christmas that he brought his beautiful bride home—'Save, so hap, there's no bride now—no bride, 'less one makes 'count of the Snow-Lady. The Snow-Lady 'll be at work this Christmas Eve, for sure!'"

"How did Mr. Trelynn receive that?"

"I was by, and couldn't understand his face. He looked sharp at the woman, who was only half-witted; asked her name; seemed relieved when he heard it, as if he had feared another; then muttered, 'No matter—no matter any way!' or something like that, and went on, saying, 'Forty years! forty years!' He was in the habit now of talking to himself—he was getting old."

Marg'ret talked slowly and dreamily to-day—seemed to linger by the way.

"Christmas Eve came," she proceeded. "The snow was deep; but all day long carriages came rolling over it towards the Hall. Mr. Trelynn had made a particular request to Lady Trevor that she would come early, and assist his daughter to receive her guests. The lady was quite puzzled, but she came. When I went to dress my mistress for the evening, I found Lady Trevor sitting by her dressing-room fire, Miss Clara at her feet, her pretty head resting on her lap. Lady Trevor kissed my young lady and went away, giving me a hearty shake of the hand first.

"Spite of her pale cheeks, my mistress looked lovelier than any lady of them all—only" (and Marg'ret glanced curiously at me) "too much like that white bride of forty years ago!

"When the mirth and music were loudest in the drawing-rooms and in the servants' hall, little Viola dashed into the midst of us, trembling with cold and eagerness, her great eyes shining with excitement—some one must go and fetch in a beautiful lady she had seen out in the snow—some one *must* go. I suppose I turned pale, for Roger scolded the child for telling stories. Her governess took her in charge, and we all agreed that it was a childish fancy—that she had been told of the Snow-Lady, and so thought she saw her. But my heart turned sick, I could not bear the noise and bustle, and stole away, Roger following me. We stood in a dusky corner of the entrance-hall, out of reach of the flashing firelight, and watched to get a glimpse of our young lady. Before very long she and Sir Raymond came out of the great room where the dancing was, he putting her shawl round her, careful and tender. They stopped by a window near me, before they crossed into the music-room, and there talked together softly.

"But Mr. Ugo soon followed them. He wished his cousin to dance the next dance with him, he said, and he took her hand. Sir Raymond held the other more firmly with his arm, and answered, gently, that Miss Trelynn was engaged to him for this dance. Mr. Ugo lost his temper, and made some insolent speech. Still holding her hand, he commanded her to come with him. He grasped her wrist as well as her little hand; she gave a cry of pain, for the sharp edges of a bracelet she wore were pressed into her

arm. Bitter cause had we for rueing that cry!

"It wasn't natural but that Sir Raymond should be angered, and angered he was; he struck back Mr. Ugo's arm fiercely, drew my trembling young mistress closer, and said, she should not go; he would not trust her with one who was no gentleman.

"If ever man looked like a fiend, it was the Italian, as he stepped towards the two lovers. I rushed between them, frightened, and then Mr. Ugo said some words in Sir Raymond's ear, and went back to the dancing-room. I caught my young lady in my arms, as she went off in a dead faint; she was still weak from her illness, poor dear! it was the fright, and not the pain of her bleeding arm. Sir Raymond brought her into this room; then I made him go away, and did all I could to bring her to herself. I heard the master outside asking for his daughter, and I opened the door, and called him in.

"I was sorry I had done it, when I saw how the shock of seeing her lying there, still and death-like in her white dress, seemed to numb all his senses with terror. I told him what was the matter, and what had passed; but didn't say aught about Mr. Ugo's whisper to Sir Raymond; for, though I had caught a few words, I hadn't had time to think about them, hardly knew I had heard them, so anxious was I about my mistress.

"I was terribly reminded of his way when he found his wife dead, when Mr. Trelynn knelt beside his daughter, kissed her passionately on cheek, brow, and lip, and talked strangely to himself. This little room of mine was dimly lighted, and the window wasn't curtained—presently the master looked up from his daughter, and fixed his eyes wildly on the window: my eyes followed his. I saw a white face close against the pane. I couldn't help a startled cry to God—it was so like to my senseless young lady. He turned his eyes back to his child; she stirred, and moaned, and I chafed her hands and feet; when I looked up again, the white face was gone!"

Marg'ret paused, and I cast an eerie glance behind me towards that window: seeing it, she smiled, very sadly, and went on.

"Miss Clara opened her eyes, and looked

up into her father's—her pretty eyes were dim and dreamy, and she turned her head a little round, as if she would go to sleep again. Poor lamb! she thought she must be dreaming: but when the master bent down and kissed her, she threw her arms round his neck, as she hadn't done before in her life, mayhap. He raised her, so that she could lay her head on his shoulder, and they stayed so without speaking. There came a waft of distant music; it was the Christmas waits—the sound came soft and muffled over the snow. I believe the old man and his fair child both thought it heavenly music. Miss Clara nestled closer to her father, and he looked upwards with a strange smile in his face. When it had finished, the color had come back to my mistress' face; she was quite well again, she said. The master gently moved her arms, and rose to go away. He stopped at the door, and turned; her eyes had followed him; his wandered to the window, then back to her face—the strange smile came back to his mouth, as he said, 'All shall be well for you, my child! Be content; all shall be well!' Then, as he passed me, I heard him mutter, 'Yes! and the white wife, the pale bride, shall be avenged!'

"I bandaged my mistress' arm and put on her a fresh pair of long white gloves; she was anxious to get back to the company again, she knew one would be watching. Sir Raymond was without—I thought no harm in letting him take her to the dancing-room after the master's words; but I followed, and stayed by her all the evening, till——"

An ashen pallor blanched Marg'ret's lips—true Marg'ret! after all these years! Involuntarily I shuddered. I rose, went to that window, and looked towards the Black Pool, till her voice recalled me.

"My young lady sat quiet, but her dark and bright lover hovered around her, and many others. Presently, the Misses Trevor and some other young ladies came up; they stood talking to Miss Clara, and shut out my view of the room. They moved off, one by one, when the dance began, and, looking all about, I could see neither Sir Raymond nor Mr. Ugo. The clock struck twelve, and I remembered then that Mr. Ugo had said something about 'the Black Pool,' and

'midnight,' when he spoke to Sir Raymond, with that hellish look of his face. Deadly fear went through me!

"Telling Miss Clara I would soon be back, I went away. Roger was still in the hall. I told him to get a lantern, and come after me: he didn't understand my hurry and flight, but he came. I ran over the Christmas snow fast as my legs would carry me, he following. When I turned down the Black Walk, he cried after me, 'Not there!' but I didn't heed. I saw a light by the pool, and sped on, in agony lest we should be too late!"

"Marg'ret, it pains you."

"No matter; I shall soon have finished now. As I came near the pool, that light disappeared. I heard a heavy splash—some one rushed by, and the gleam of Roger's lantern fell on a dark fiend's face. O Roger! Roger! I never thought of him, only of my young mistress waiting and watching for one she might never see again!"

"I cried to Roger to save Sir Raymond. No need to have done that; he had plunged into the black water before the words were out of my mouth. The deadly cold waters of that pool never froze! I threw myself down at the edge, and held the lantern as far out as I could reach over it. Roger got hold of Sir Raymond, and struggled with him to the side where I lay. I seized hold of his clothes; soon he lay safe on the ground.

"I turned to help Roger: once he almost touched my outstretched hands, but the cold had seized him, he sank——"

"But he was saved? You called help, and he was saved?"

"I called help! ay, I think I shrieked as wild and loud as the Snow-Lady. Very soon there was a gleam of torches and lanterns round the pool; but nobody would jump in. They held me, and I thought I should go mad. Happy was the pale bride on that Christmas Eve, long ago! She and her husband were wedded for eternity by the waters of that pool—but Roger! ——

"There was a pause in the senseless confusion by the pool when Mr. Trelynn came down the Black Walk. It was not one but all who declared that the Snow-Lady followed him, throwing up her arms, as if in triumph. One glance at Sir Raymond, one at me, and Mr. Trelynn seemed to under-

stand it all. He ordered Sir Raymond to be carried to the house, then he jumped in to try and save Roger. He was an old man; the waters of the pool were very cold; he was drowned, and Roger was not saved."

I grasped Marg'ret's hand, and looked wonderingly into her clear eyes: she was quite calm now. It was I who would have cried, "Roger! Roger!" and "Marg'ret! Marg'ret!"

"O, the wild confusion among the Christmas guests in this old hall that night! I knew nothing then, thanks be to God! The servants fled away from the place, and the guests remained cowering over the fires till morning; then they went too.

"Sir Raymond recovered, and Lady Trevor took my mistress and myself home to Trevor Court. My poor mistress! It was a blessed thing for me that I roused up from my stupor to take care of her. She wailed her father night and day—she felt it all the worse that she had not always loved him—she thought of him only as the fond old man of that dreadful night. We feared her heart would break! It was long before she would even see Sir Raymond—he went away from home, that he mightn't trouble her."

"You have more to tell, good Marg'ret?"

She had fallen into a reverie, looking out with such a strange expression, that my eyes followed hers to the window, expecting to see—what?

"There's but little more to tell," she said, bringing her eyes slowly back to my face.

"The pool was dragged—my Roger's body was found, thank God! he was laid in the churchyard hard by. The sun shines and the daisies grow upon his grave, and the people pass it by as they go to church. The master was never found."

"More about him and that Ugo came to be known."

"Yes, all the world knew it, or the story shouldn't pass my lips—she alive still, and a happy wife and mother!

"Mr. Trelynn left papers, from which it was found that his nephew had power over him, because he had come to know of a crime he had committed in his youth. The traitor had learned the whole story when he had nursed the master in a fever. After long years of misery and remorse, Mr. Trelynn had, at last, determined to give himself



up to justice, and leave his estate to his daughter and Sir Raymond—Mr. Ugo having thought to get both his daughter and his property.

"Neither Ugo nor the governess were seen again after that night. But, in the newspapers, we saw, some years ago now, that a Ugo Leopardi had been killed in a street quarrel in Venice.

"Little Viola lived with Miss Clara (Lady Trevor rather) till she married;—her father never wrote nor sent to her."

"And how is it, good Marg'ret, that you live alone here?"

"I often go and visit my lady, but I get heart-sick if I'm long away from this place, so home I come again. I'm not let want

for anything, and when I am old and helpless, I suppose I'll need to live at Trevor Court, for nobody would live with me here; but it 'ill be with a sore sad heart that I bid good-by to Greystone Hall."

I'll make no comment on that faithful woman's story. I have had quaint letters from her, now and then, which I treasure. Whatever of the supernatural there is in this story Marg'ret firmly believed; of that I am convinced!

As I walked home through that wierd evening's twilight down the ghostly avenue, the lonely road across the wild moors, I thought more of a faithful woman than of the white wife, the Snow-Lady.

**THE NEW METAL ALUMINIUM.**—It will be interesting to both commercial and scientific men to learn that in June last, Messrs. E. Hald & Rahr, a Danish house in this city, sent out their brig Sonderjylland, Capt. Brocksdorf, to Arksuk Fiord, in latitude 61 deg. 20 min., on the west coast of Greenland, for the purpose of bringing back minerals, and especially cryolite, for the obtaining of which peculiar privileges had at different times been granted by the King of Denmark to individual and associated miners; and that Messrs. Hald & Co. have received intelligence from Messrs. C. F. Fistgen & Co., to whom the brig was consigned at Copenhagen, of her safe arrival in that city on the 21st of September, after a voyage of only twelve days, (the shortest on record) with a full load of cryolite. This is the first cargo of cryolite received from Greenland, which is the only country where, as yet, it has been found.

It is a mineral composed, we believe, of sodium, aluminium, and fluorine; but the result of analyses are given in "Moh's System of Mineralogy." M. de Lille, of Paris, has discovered a process by which aluminium may be obtained from cryolite, so as to afford it at as low a price per ounce as silver; and, since an ounce of the former has four times the volume of an ounce of the latter, it will, of course, give us articles of plate of the same size so much cheaper; that is, at one-fourth the price. Besides this metal and crystals of soda, a clay is obtainable which will be valuable to calico printers as a substitute for a compound of alum and sugar of lead.—*Manchester (England) Guardian.*

**THE OLD MAN AND THE DOCTOR.**—An old man complained to the doctor of bad digestion. "O, let bad digestion alone," said the doctor, "for it is one of the concomitants of old age." He then stated his weakness of sight. "Don't meddle with weakness of sight," said the doctor, "for that, also is one of the concomitants of

old age." He complained to him of a difficulty of hearing. "Alas, how distant is hearing," said the doctor, "from old men!—difficulty of hearing is a steady concomitant of old age." He complained to him of want of sleep. "How widely separated," said the doctor, "are sleep and old men, for want of sleep is certainly a concomitant of old age." He complained to him of a decrease in bodily vigor. "This is an evil," said the doctor, "that soon hastens on old men, for want of vigor is a necessary concomitant of old age." The old man (unable to keep his patience any longer) called out to his companions: "Seize upon the booby! lay hold of the blockhead! drag along the ignorant idiot! that dolt of a doctor, who understands nothing, and who has nothing to distinguish him from a parrot but the human figure, with his concomitants of old age, forsooth,—the only words he seems capable of uttering!" The doctor smiled, and said: "Come, my old boy, get into a passion, for this, also, is a concomitant of old age!"—*From the Afghan.*

**ST. PETER, WITH A CLOSED BOOK.**—Knowing that one distinguishing mark between St. Peter and St. Paul is a closed book in the hands of the latter, I have been rather surprised to find in two instances St. Peter carrying the book, closed, as St. Paul is usually represented doing. In the museum at Ypres, in an old carving, he is thus represented with closed book and keys: St. Paul carrying a similar book and sword.

In a stone carvure, over the principal entrance to Bromyard Church, Herefordshire, St. Peter is likewise represented with keys and closed book.

What do the different positions of this symbol indicate? And are there in the knowledge of your readers any other similar representations of the Apostle Peter? if, indeed, the book is sufficiently a distinguishing feature.

—*Notes and Queries.* J. H. PATTISON.

From The Examiner.

*Seven Lectures on Shakspeare and Milton.*

By the late S. T. Coleridge. A list of all the MS. Emendations in Mr. Collier's folio, 1632; and an Introductory Preface by J. Payne Collier, Esq. Chapman and Hall.

As one of Coleridge's most earnest admirers, Mr. Collier in his youth made in his diary various notes of the talk of that loquacious sage; excerpts from some of these notes he has at sundry times contributed to *Notes and Queries*; they are now, however, printed in a more complete form, and make part of the Preface to the present volume. Among the entries one runs thus:

"29th October.—Coleridge told us (though I fancy, from his indecision of character, that it may turn out a mere project—I hope not) that he means very soon to give a series of lectures at Coachmaker's Hall, mainly upon Poetry, with a view to erect some standard by which all writers of verse may be measured and ranked. He added, that many of his friends had advised him to take this step, and for his own part he was not at all unwilling to comply with their wishes. His lectures would, necessarily, embrace criticisms on Shakspeare, Milton, and all the chief and most popular poets of our language, from Chaucer, for whom he had great reverence, down to Campbell, for whom he had little admiration. He thought that something of the kind was much needed, in order to settle people's notions as to what was or what was not good poetry, and who was or was not a good poet. He talked of carrying out this scheme next month.

"He mentioned, as indeed we know, that last year he had delivered Lectures upon Poetry at the Royal Institution: for the first of the series he had prepared himself fully, and when it was over he received many high-flown but frigid compliments, evidently, like his lecture, studied. For the second lecture he had prepared himself less elaborately, and was much applauded. For the third lecture, and indeed for the remainder of the course, he made no preparation, and was liked better than ever, and vociferously and heartily cheered. The reason was obvious, for what came warm from the heart of the speaker, went warm to the heart of the hearer; and although the illustrations might not be so good, yet being extemporaneous, and often from objects immediately before the eyes, they made more impression, and seemed to have more aptitude."

The lectures here referred to were delivered at the Scot's Corporation Hall, in Crane

court, Fleet street. They were fifteen in number, and commenced on the 18th Nov., 1811. Mr. Collier's father proposed that all members of his family who were of an age to profit by them should attend the course, and Mr. J. P. Collier not only attended, but took short-hand notes. Of the subsequent history of these notes Mr. Collier gives this simple and natural account:

"My original notes, therefore, were taken at the close of 1811 and at the opening of 1812. I endeavored in the interval between each lecture to transcribe them; but, from other avocations, I was unable to keep pace with the delivery, and at the termination of the course I must have been considerably in arrear: while I am writing I have two of my short-hand books (sheets of paper stitched together) before me, which remained undeciphered from 1812 until 1854,—a period of forty-two years. During the whole time I did not know what had become of any of them. I attended another course by the same lecturer in 1818, of which I had taken and preserved only a few scattered excerpts; and I cannot call to mind whether, even at that date, my notes of the previous lectures of 1811–12 were forthcoming. I know that I afterwards searched for them several times unsuccessfully; and with great diligence about the year 1842, when I was engaged in preparing a new edition of Shakspeare, to which I apprehended the opinions of Coleridge on the different plays would have been an important recommendation. I again failed to find them, and in 1850 I took up my residence in the country, carrying with me only such furniture as I required, and among it a double chest of drawers, in the highest part of which I subsequently discovered some of, but, I lament to say, by no means all, my lost notes. Even these were not brought to light until I was preparing to remove to my present residence, and was employing myself in turning out waste paper and worthless relics from every receptacle.

"As doubt, however unfairly and unjustifiably, has been cast on my re-acquisition of these materials, I will just state, with some particularity, of what they consist.

"1. Several brochures and fragments of a Diary in my own hand-writing, not at all regularly kept, and the earliest entry in which is 10th October, without the year, but unquestionably 1811.

"2. Five other small brochures, containing partial transcripts, in long-hand, of Coleridge's first, second, sixth, and eighth lectures.

"3. Several brochures, and parts of bro-

chures, of my original short-hand notes, two of which (those of the ninth and twelfth lectures) were complete, but entirely untranscribed.

"On turning out these papers from the upper drawer, where they must have been deposited for many years, I looked anxiously for the rest of the series of Lectures, but in vain, and to this day I have recovered no more."

The tale of Mr. Collier's corrected folio of 1632 every one knows.

Of the controversy raised on all these points, the denial of authenticity to the notes of Coleridge's lectures, the denial of value to the emendations, and of all that has been said in hot blood by the disputants on either side, we shall say nothing. A part of Mr. Collier's preface in this volume is of course devoted to the fighting of his battle. For ourselves, we are entirely satisfied that Mr. Collier has, as to the matters in dispute, committed no worse literary offences than the promulgation of a series of old corrections of the text of Shakspeare which by chance came into his possession, and of which the least that can be said is that a number of them are obviously right; that he has also published in *Notes and Queries* portions (and now publishes in this volume the whole) of the notes that remain to him, in which he set down what he had heard Coleridge say of poetry and poets in his private talk, and what he heard him teach more formally in public lectures. To suppose, as some have said, that Mr. Collier has put talk and criticism of his own for talk by Coleridge, is to display, we think, more controversial energy than literary taste.

We could hardly wish for anything more characteristic of Wordsworth in his strength and weakness than this passage, from Mr. Collier's recovered scrap of Journal.

"Still I pressed him as to which of his own poems he liked best, but I could not obtain any satisfactory answer, beyond his saying that he liked many of them best, according to the class and character of each — each in its separate department. He laid it down, that Dryden was the finest writer of couplets, Spenser of stanzas, and Milton of blank verse; yet Pope was a more finished and polished versifier than Dryden, and some of Thomson's stanzas in the 'Castle of Indolence,' were quite equal to Spenser. He was strong in his admiration of Dyer's 'Fleece,' a poem I had not read; and I was rather

surprised to hear him speak so well of the earlier portion of Beattie's 'Minstrel,' not so much for originality of thought, as for the skilful manner in which he had employed the nine-line stanza. Wordsworth seemed to be endeavoring to direct my taste towards the best models in our language.

"He afterwards spoke of his own poem, 'The Cuckoo,' with such warm praise as to make it evident to me that, if he did not consider it his best of its kind, it was a favorite with him, especially the opening:

"O, blithe new-comer! I have heard,

I hear thee and rejoice.

O cuckoo! shall I call thee bird,

Or but a wandering voice?"

"Everybody must admit the justice of the thought; and Wordsworth added, that the merit did not so much consist in that thought, which must be familiar to all, but in the power of recording what struck all as true, but what had never before been remarked upon; the cuckoo was always heard, but never seen, and therefore poetically termed 'a wandering voice.' I mentioned that I had several times seen the cuckoo, but Wordsworth observed that that made no difference as to the general accuracy. It was hinted that the same might be said of the owl: as the cuckoo was heard and never seen in the day, so the owl was heard and never seen in the night. Wordsworth seemed to think this remark hypercritical, but was willing to admit that it was, to a certain extent, true of the owl: it was also a voice, but not 'a wandering voice,' since, when it hooted at night, it was invariably stationary."

As we must cite a passage or two from the record of Coleridge's lectures, we will take from Mr. Collier's preface to them only a couple of notes referring to a later series, which was delivered in the year 1818.

"I had not seen Wordsworth before Coleridge had delivered his lectures of 1811-12 but afterwards I met him rather frequently and I cannot say, as others have said in my company, that I was ever weary of listening to him, when (as he usually did) he talked about his own poetry. Whenever he was in town, I did what I could to get into his society, and by the date that Coleridge delivered his course of Lectures in 1818, I was upon pretty easy terms with him; but he was not a man with whom one could ever be as familiar and hilarious as with Charles Lamb. It was during Coleridge's Lectures in 1818 that I only took scattered and unconnected memoranda of particular passages, some of which I applied to my purpose in the 'Introductions' to different plays

by Shakspeare, as published in 1843 and 1844. Near the end of 1817, as well as I can recollect, for the note has no date beyond the day of the week, Wordsworth had written to me, stating that Coleridge was suffering under considerable mental depression (owing in part to the way in which his 'Lay Sermons' had been treated by the Reviews, and received by the public), and asking me to lend him what aid I could, from the trifling interest I possessed with the periodical press, in giving publicity to his intention to deliver another course of lectures upon Poets and Poetry. It was in these terms:

" 'Wednesday.

" 'MY DEAR SIR,—

" 'Coleridge, to whom all but certain reviews wish well, intends to try the effect of another course of Lectures in London on Poetry generally, and on Shakspeare's Poetry particularly. He gained some money and reputation by his last effort of the kind, which was, indeed, to him no effort, since his thoughts as well as his words flow spontaneously. He talks as a bird sings, as if he could not help it: it is his nature. He is now far from well in body or spirits: the former is suffering from various causes, and the latter from depression. No man ever deserved to have fewer enemies, yet, as he thinks and says, no man has more, or more virulent. You have long been among his friends; and, as far as you can go, you will no doubt prove it on this as on other occasions. We are all anxious on his account. He means to call upon you himself, or write from Highgate, where he now is.

Yours sincerely,

" 'W. WORDSWORTH.'

" On the same subject Charles Lamb sent me the following: in the preceding month he and his sister had removed from the Temple to the corner of Bow street and Russell street, Covent Garden, which Lamb humorously styled, as indeed in some sense it is, 'The Garden of England.'

" 'The Garden of England, 10 Dec.

" 'DEAR J. P. C.,—

" 'I know how zealously you feel for our friend S. T. Coleridge, and I know that you and your family attended his Lectures four or five years ago. He is in bad health, and worse mind, and unless something is done to lighten his heart, he will soon be reduced to his extremities; and even these are not in the best condition. I am sure that you will do for him what you can, but at present he seems in a mood to do for himself. He projects a new course, not of physic, nor of metaphysic, nor a new course of life; but a new course of Lectures on Shakspeare and Poetry. There is no man better qualified

(always excepting number one), but I am pre-engaged for a series of dissertations on India and India-pendence, to be completed at the expense of the Company, in I know not (yet) how many vols. foolscap folio. I am busy getting up my Hindu mythology, and for the purpose I am once more enduring Southey's curse (of Kehama). To be serious, Coleridge's state and affairs make me so; and there are particular reasons just now (and have been any time for the last twenty years) why he should succeed. He will do so, with a little encouragement. I have not seen him lately, and he does not know that I am writing.

" 'Yours (for Coleridge's sake) in haste,  
" 'C. LAMB.'

The lectures delivered extemporaneously in 1811 1812, of which some record is now recovered, are the first and second, and all from the sixth to the twelfth, except the tenth and eleventh. The record is of course brief and imperfect. The note-taking was for private use and pleasure; much was left to be filled in from memory that never was filled in; sometimes the lecturer fixed the attention of the listener, and made him forget to use his pencil. We do not get whole lectures, but important fragments and suggestions of what matter some of them contained. The chief points preserved are Coleridge's definition of poetry, and general remarks upon poets and their readers, and some of his criticisms upon Shakspeare, planned with especial reference to a desire to controvert objections raised against passages. *Romeo and Juliet*, *The Tempest*, *Richard II.*, and *Hamlet*, were the plays subject to comment in the lectures of which Mr. Collier has preserved a record.

Of weak and vague criticism here are two illustrations:

" 'A friend of mine had seen it stated somewhere, or had heard it said, that Shakspeare had not made Constance, in 'King John,' speak the language of nature, when she exclaims on the loss of Arthur,—

" 'Grief fills the room up of my absent child,  
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;  
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,  
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,  
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;  
Then have I reason to be fond of grief.'

*King John*, Act III. Scene 4.

" 'Within three months after he had repeated the opinion (not thinking for himself) that these lines were out of nature, my friend died. I called upon his mother, an



affectionate, but ignorant woman, who had scarcely heard the name of Shakspeare, much less read any of his plays. Like Philip, I endeavored to console her, and among other things I told her, in the anguish of her sorrow, that she seemed to be as fond of grief as she had been of her son. What was her reply? Almost a prose parody on the very language of Shakspeare—the same thoughts in nearly the same words, but with a different arrangement. An attestation like this is worth a thousand criticisms.

“I was one day admiring one of the falls of the Clyde; and, ruminating upon what descriptive term could be most fitly applied to it, I came to the conclusion that the epithet ‘majestic’ was the most appropriate. While I was still contemplating the scene a gentleman and a lady came up, neither of whose faces bore much of the stamp of superior intelligence, and the first words the gentleman uttered were, ‘It is very majestic.’ I was pleased to find such a confirmation of my opinion, and I complimented the spectator upon the choice of his epithet; saying that he had used the best word that could have been selected from our language. ‘Yes, sir,’ replied the gentleman, ‘I say it is majestic: it is sublime, it is beautiful, it is grand, it is picturesque.’—‘Ay (added the lady), it is the prettiest thing I ever saw.’ I own that I was not a little disconcerted.”

Coleridge defined poetry to his hearers in this way:

“It is an art (or whatever better term our language may afford) of representing, in words, external nature and human thoughts and affections, both relatively to human affections, by the production of as much immediate pleasure in parts, as is compatible with the largest sum of pleasure in the whole.

“Or, to vary the words, in order to make the abstract idea more intelligible:

“It is the art of communicating whatever we wish to communicate, so as both to express and produce excitement, but for the purpose of immediate pleasure; and each part is fitted to afford as much pleasure as is compatible with the largest sum in the whole.

“You will naturally ask my reasons for this definition of poetry, and they are these:

“‘It is a representation of nature;’ but that is not enough: the anatomist and the topographer give representations of nature; therefore I add:

“‘And of the human thoughts and affec-

tions.’ Here the metaphysician interferes: here our best novelists interfere likewise,—excepting that the latter describe with more minuteness, accuracy, and truth, than is consistent with poetry. Consequently I subjoin:

“‘It must be relative to the human affections.’ Here my chief point of difference is with the novel-writer, the historian, and all those who describe not only nature, and the human affections, but relatively to the human affections: therefore I must add:

“‘And it must be done for the purpose of immediate pleasure.’ In poetry the general good is to be accomplished through the pleasure, and if the poet do not do that, he ceases to be a poet to him to whom he gives it not. Still, it is not enough, because we may point out many prose writers to whom the whole of the definition hitherto furnished would apply. I add, therefore, that it is not only for the purpose of immediate pleasure, but—

“‘The work must be so constructed as to produce in each part that highest quantity of pleasure, or a high quantity of pleasure.’ There metre introduces its claim, where the feeling calls for it. Our language gives to expression a certain measure, and will, in a strong state of passion, admit of scansion from the very mouth. The very assumption that we are reading the work of a poet supposes that he is in a continuous state of excitement; and thereby arises a language in prose unnatural, but in poetry natural.

“There is one error which ought to be peculiarly guarded against, which young poets are apt to fall into, and which old poets commit, from being no poets, but desirous of the end which true poets seek to attain. No; I revoke the words, they are not desirous of that of which their little minds can have no just conception. They have no desire of fame—that glorious immortality of true greatness—

“‘That lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,

And perfect witness of all judging Jove;’

“MILTON’S *Lycidas*.

but they struggle for reputation, that echo of an echo, in whose very etymon its signification is contained. Into this error the author of ‘The Botanic Garden’ has fallen, through the whole of which work, I will venture to assert, there are not twenty images described as a man would describe them in a state of excitement. The poem is written with all the tawdry industry of a milliner anxious to dress up a doll in silks and satins. Dr. Darwin labored to make

his style fine and gaudy, by accumulating and applying all the sonorous and handsome-looking words in our language. This is not poetry, and I subjoin to my definition—

“That a true poem must give ‘as much pleasure in each part as is compatible with the greatest sum of pleasure in the whole.’ We must not look to parts merely, but to the whole, and to the effect of that whole. In reading Milton, for instance, scarcely a line can be pointed out, which, critically examined, could be called in itself good: the poet would not have attempted to produce merely what is in general understood by a good line: he sought to produce glorious paragraphs and systems of harmony, or, as he himself expresses it.

“Many a winding bout  
Of linked sweetness long drawn out.”

The spirit of Coleridge himself as a critic in these lectures we may show by quoting his remarks upon one passage in the *Temptest*:

“Many, indeed innumerable, beautiful passages might be quoted from this play, independently of the astonishing scheme of its construction. Everybody will call to mind the grandeur of the language of Prospero in that divine speech, where he takes leave of his magic art; and were I to indulge myself by repetitions of the kind, I should descend from the character of a lecturer to that of a mere reciter. Before I terminate, I may particularly recall one short passage, which has fallen under the very severe, but inconsiderate, censure of Pope and Arbuthnot, who pronounce it a piece of the grossest bombast. Prospero thus addresses his daughter, directing her attention to Ferdinand:

“‘The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,  
And say what thou seest yond.’

“Act I. Scene 2.

“Taking these words as a paraphrase of—‘Look what is coming yonder,’ it certainly may to some appear to border on the ridiculous, and to fall under the rule I formerly laid down,—that whatever, without injury, can be translated into a foreign language in simple terms, ought to be in simple terms in the original language; but it is to be borne in mind, that different modes of expression frequently arise from difference of situation and education: a blackguard would use very different words, to express the same thing, to those a gentleman would employ, yet both would be natural and proper; difference of feeling gives rise to difference of language: a gentleman speaks in polished terms, with

due regard to his own rank and position, while a blackguard, a person little better than half a brute, speaks like half a brute, showing no respect for himself, nor for others.

“But I am content to try the lines I have just quoted by the introduction to them; and then, I think, you will admit, that nothing could be more fit and appropriate than such language. How does Prospero introduce them? He has just told Miranda a wonderful story, which deeply affected her, and filled her with surprise and astonishment, and for his own purposes he afterwards lulls her to sleep. When she awakes, Shakspeare has made her wholly inattentive to the present, but wrapped up in the past. An actress, who understands the character of Miranda, would have her eyes cast down and her eyelids almost covering them, while she was, as it were, living in her dream. At this moment Prospero sees Ferdinand, and wishes to point him out to his daughter, not only with great, but with scenic solemnity, he standing before her, and before the spectator, in the dignified character of a great magician. Something was to appear to Miranda on the sudden, and as unexpectedly as if the hero of a drama were to be on the stage at the instant when the curtain is elevated. It is under such circumstances that Prospero says, in a tone calculated at once to arouse his daughter’s attention,

“‘The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,  
And say what thou seest yond.’

“Turning from the sight of Ferdinand to his thoughtful daughter, his attention was first struck by the downcast appearance of her eyes and eyelids; and in my humble opinion, the solemnity of the phraseology assigned to Prospero is completely in character, recollecting his preternatural capacity, in which the most familiar objects in nature present themselves in a mysterious point of view. It is much easier to find fault with a writer, by reference to former notions and experience, than to sit down and read him, recollecting his purpose, connecting one feeling with another, and judging of his words and phrases, in proportion as they convey the sentiments of the persons represented.”

We have only to add that the appendix to this book contains a complete list of the manuscript notes and emendations to be found in Mr. Collier’s famous old corrected folio. We have described rather than criticized this book, since it is one that has only to be described to make its interest and value manifest.

From Titan.

## ONE BRIGHT BEAM ON A CHEERLESS PATH.

I AM in the position of a man who has fallen behind his age. I was reckoned to have some talent for business, as business was conducted in my young days, but I have never caught the go-ahead spirit of these times—straining, pushing, jostling, manœuvring, over-reaching—by which it has happened, that many who set out with me in the voyage of life, have far outstripped me, and perhaps as many more have foundered and sunk never to rise again. Thirty years ago, I was a committee man in most of the religious and benevolent societies of my native town (in the north of Ireland); now, these societies are ten for one; and the same spirit that has changed the face of mercantile business, has found its way into the pursuits of charity, so that the modes of raising the wind for these purposes have seemed to me to become nearly as complicated and difficult, and removed from the simplicity of more Christian benevolence, as the methods of acquiring private wealth are from the simple rules of industry and frugality which I once believed sufficient and infallible. My business has become a very humble jog-trot affair; my name has disappeared from one committee after another; finally, an increasing family, with diminishing means, has forced me to withdraw even my subscriptions; and the only way in which the floodgates of benevolence have been kept open for some years, has been by giving an occasional penny to a certain set of mendicants, who stately visit my little counting-house. I never argue with those who tell me it is wrong to relieve beggars; I don't care to grapple with the general principle; it suffices for me that this humble and slender charity gratifies the desire of alleviating human misery; it keeps me in constant contact with those who are worse off than myself, and prevents me from being wholly absorbed in my own selfish sorrows; the sight of so much misery that I cannot relieve, makes me regret my poverty more for the sake of others than for myself, and leads me to bless the All-wise Disposer for what I have, instead of dwelling repiningly on what I have not. I rejoice that more auspicious paths of usefulness are open to the enterprising and hopeful; but to one whose spirit has been broken by misfortune, and crushed

by domestic bereavement, this sort of intercourse with the poorest of the poor appears to have a melancholy suitability. It is a walk few will envy me. Seldom do those who take to mendicancy rise to anything better, and seldom does he who interests himself in beggars meet with anything to cheer or encourage him. It is generally from bad to worse. Let me gratefully record an exception.

Among those who have frequently got a penny at my counting-house, was an interesting boy about eight years of age. He could give little account of himself, except that his father was dead, and his mother was sick, almost always sick, and unable to work; and she had no one in the world but him, and all he could do was to beg for her. There was nothing to distinguish this squalid, ragged child from the common herd of young beggars, except that he did not whine or cry; he told his story with a certain frankness and manly confidence, that made one almost sure it was true. I gave him a penny whenever he called, and often wished it were in my power to rescue him from this vagrant life, almost certain to lead sooner or later to vice and infamy. But, having nothing further in my power, I did not feel at liberty even to make stricter inquiry into the case. I did indeed mention the child to some of my more opulent and influential neighbors, but they could see no way of benefiting him except getting him into an orphan hospital, which would have separated him from his mother, and this I could not believe to be right. I durst not attempt any plan the burden of which would probably fall upon myself. I had to think of eight motherless little children of my own, whom I was barely able to support, and whom my death might some day leave utterly destitute. So I continued just to give little George the usual dole of alms, encouraging him to hope that he would soon be able to work for his mother; and advising him meanwhile to avoid bad company, to refrain his hands from stealing, and to keep a sharp look-out for any honest way of earning a penny now and then, rather than begging one.

One day a lady who kept a boarding-house told me that her inmates were in the habit of leaving bits of good meat and vegetables on their plates, besides crusts of bread and other matters, which could not be cooked up again, and yet were too good for the waste

pail, and she asked if I knew any poor creature that would think it worth while to call for such scraps. I gratefully accepted the offer, and promised to send little George, while secretly I hoped and prayed that she might interest herself further, and that this might prove one step to his deliverance from mendicancy.

A few days afterwards, George made his appearance at my office, but so metamorphosed, that at first I did not know him. He was well dressed from head to foot, his face and hands perfectly clean, and his hair neatly cut and brushed; a remarkably pretty boy I now for the first time perceived him to be.

"Why, child, what has happened to you?" I exclaimed as soon as I recognized him.

"That's just what I came to tell you, sir, for I thought you would like to know. You see, sir, I was walking easy through Donegal Square last Wednesday, and I saw a gentleman looking very hard at me. And then he came straight up, and he changed color, and asked me my name; and I told him it. And he said, 'Then I'm your uncle.' And, sir, he looked very white, and seemed as if he could scarcely get out the words; but he told me he was a well-to-do farmer in the County Antrim, and that he was a bachelor without a family, and that my father was his only brother, and that he knew me by my likeness to him; and he asked me about my mother and all, and went to see her. And, sir, he took me to Bank Street, and bought me all these clothes; and he washed me, and did my hair with his own hands, and still he looked me in the face and said, 'You're the image of your father, my boy, that's the way I knew you. And, sir, he is to bring his car to-morrow, to take us home to live with him;

and he says my mother will be quite well again when she is rightly taken care of; and he says he'll send me to school, and bring me up respectable. You would wonder, sir, how tender-hearted he is, to be a big, stout man; I thought nothing of my mother crying when they talked about my father; but it was queer to see my uncle crying, as if he had been nothing for all the world but a woman itself."

Thus did the little fellow run on, nor did I care to interrupt him. To tell the truth, I was afraid that, if I spoke, I might betray such weakness as was, in George's estimation, "like nothing but a woman itself." A moment he paused, and, seeming not to understand my silence, he added, "And, sir, I thought I might come and tell you and bid you good-by; for, perhaps, if you had seen me not coming back, you might have thought I had taken to some bad ways against your advice. So I thought I had better come and tell you."

Of course I congratulated my little protégé on this happy turn in his destiny; I made him promise not to neglect going to a Sunday school; and with some further words of advice, I parted with him, blessing Providence for one bright beam on my cheerless path, and fondly cherishing the hope that I might meet George again at some future stage of life's dreary journey.

[We regret to say that this hope was not to be realized. The amiable individual who communicated the above to us, some years ago, fell a victim to typhus fever a few weeks afterwards—the result probably of his benevolent intercourse with the poor. A few friends who knew his modest worth undertook to see that his children should not "beg their bread."—*Correspondent.*

**DR. SPRAGUE'S GREAT WORK.**—We are pleased to learn that the great work of the Rev. Dr. Sprague, of Albany, embracing biographical sketches of the prominent deceased American ministers of all denominations, has so far advanced towards completion that the first two volumes are about to appear, from the press of Messrs. Carter, of New York. In addition to its value as a repository of interesting and valuable matter in regard to the men who have stood foremost in the ecclesiastical affairs of our

country, it will be an object of remarkable interest and curiosity, because of the number and character of the contributors, from all sections, denominations, and occupations, whom the distinguished author has laid under contribution for reminiscences and other material. The task performed by Dr. Sprague has required ten years of hard labor. We hope that he will in all respects be compensated for his toil. — *Presbyterian.*